

# The TATLER

Vol. CXLVI. No. 1897

London  
November 3, 1937



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# The TATTLER

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THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT  
AND (inset) PRINCE EDWARD

Both these excellent pictures of the children of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent were taken "somewhere near" 3 Belgrave Square, their parents' town house, the country one being that rambling and most attractive Coppins, Iwer, which was left to the Duke by the late Princess Victoria. The Princess Alexandra was born on Xmas Day, 1936, and Prince Edward on October 9, 1935





WATCHING ICE BALLETS AT COVENT GARDEN

The Marquess of Carisbrooke, Captain Bruce Ottley, Lady Iris Mountbatten and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke at the first night of *Rhapsody on Ice*, in which skates bravely deputise for ballet slippers in beauty of dancing movement. Lady Iris Mountbatten, one of the Queen's Trainbearers in Westminster Abbey and a débutante of the Coronation season, is Lord and Lady Carisbrooke's only child

PARIS is perfect; night and day. Gay *comme autrefois*, crowded, prosperous and ready, after long, lean years, to give patrons a sly poke in the ribs, though not, oddly enough, to pick their pockets. At the moment prices have not risen as much as the franc has fallen; so far so good, and there are indications, including the recent cantonal elections, that the whole country is settling down after its industrial indigestion. Time was when pessimists sighed "Paris is finished, the English stay away, the movement's all between London and New York." For several years they were right. With Wall Street misbehaving and Atlantic fares still as steep as icebergs, the English, hitherto so keen to go west, are reviving, willy-nilly, the week-end habit of their grandfathers, rediscovering the capital of the French and, incidentally, having the time of their staid lives pretending to study the *chefs-d'œuvres de l'art français* which are hung conveniently near Lady Mendl's flat.

This catholic collection of French art is very fine. Though of necessity it includes some representative bores, the tapestries alone are worth many visits and many millions. The sculpture is interesting; the Van Goghs beyond praise by a mere mortal. It takes a week to give these treasures a cursory once-over, so the less determined retire on the second day to the Ritz Bar for relaxation though hardly for rest as the racket therein is continuous from noon until Frank packs up. He was host at the Barmen's Ball, an annual as hearty as a farmer's ball in "Zummerzet," and as well mixed as his own drinks, with a Maharaja or three, Riviera hostesses, screen stars and *les boys* from London, including "Ronnie" Gaunt, who gets around



Bassano

MRS. MICHAEL NORTON-GRIFFITHS

With Joanna, who has just had her first birthday party. Mrs. Michael Norton-Griffiths, daughter of the late Mr. Stephen Cozens, was formerly Mrs. Betty Colclough. She and her husband, who is Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths' only brother, live at Marston Hall, Marston Green, Warwickshire



MISS PAMELA DREW AND LORD RATHDONNELL

The engagement of Lord Rathdonnell to Miss Pamela Drew, daughter of the late Mr. John Drew and of Mrs. Drew, of Eversley, near Milnthorpe, in Westmorland, was recently announced. This picture of them was taken when Miss Drew was about to compete in the Oxenholme Staghounds Hunter Trials held near Kendal. Lord Rathdonnell succeeded to the title last month, on the death of his father

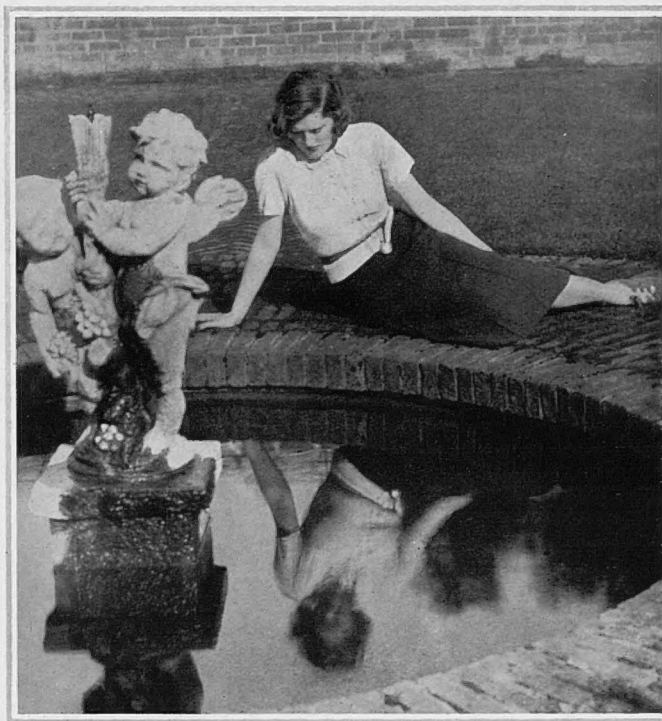
to every party, hatless, vague and cheerful. He and Peter Miller Mundy, Sir Francis Peake, Francis Williams, "Archie" Coats and Ian Galloway were looking for good things on the last day of Longchamp, the afternoon on which the horses go round three times in the Prix Gladiateur. In the fifth event the invasion wished that good sportsman, Mr. Charles Delmé-Radcliffe victory, but the weight was "agin" his horse. He coffee-housed at the foot of the flower-decked staircase which leads to the boxes (as distinct from the flower-decked staircase which leads to the common herd) with Major Frank Goldsmith, of Monte Carlo, and Colonel "Dick" Thorold, of Maisons-Lafitte, while pretty Mrs. Goldsmith greeted Monte Carlo-ites Michel and Yolande Chervachidze with "Nicky" Toumanoff, all *en route* for London. Present—



Lady "Mo" Forbes in her mother's box, Lady Susan Askew and husband, Rumanian-born Lady Horlick in a cavalry cape, Lady Orr-Lewis with "Pat" Saunders, also Captain Richard Norton complaining of the cold on a sunny afternoon, probably because he enjoyed his own lunch party at La Corrida, and if you eat Hay till you're cold you'll live to be old. His guests included the John Goodendays, lovely London starlet Valerie Hobson who, like her host, works for Korda, and "Tony" Havelock-Allan, whose sister, Lady Allerton, went to Bagatelle, night club of night clubs, in a party with merry golfing partner "Molly" Ramsden.

\* \* \*

Bagatelle is a mixture of the London Ritz on a Wednesday night, El Morocco, and those who have come on from the new nightly dinner-dance at the Paris Ritz—Plunkets, Fairbanks', Sutherlands, Roxburghes, "Pat" Bellevs, "Jock" Hanburys, and with Frank Roche, Lord Fermoy's light-hearted twin, Comtesse Thérèse de Caraman-Chimay, a tall, distinguished lovely who often stays with her sister-in-law, "Brenda," and with the Buchanan-Jardines in London. The best thing about Bagatelle is its roof, which slides open, preventing chinchilla *clientèle* from attributing morning-after headaches to lack of air. You have to change, except in the outer bar, where Josephine Baker was looking tropical in a jade green suit. The most *voyant* head-dress, a black veil with gold kid eyebrows attached, completely disguised the delicious little Princess of Kapurthala. Another thick black veil hid Madame Raymond Patenôtre, whose *député* husband now owns that wise weekly "Marianna," but Mrs. John Moffat, whose first name is Fern, lovely Senora Antenor Patino, stately Marquise Nagliati Braghini and Madeleine Carroll, the darling of Paris Society, were unveiled. Maxim's is hardly news as a place to eat dinner, but as a place to see celebrities it has only one rival—the Ritz at lunch. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Sr., with beautiful Lady Abingdon, Pouletts *mère et fille* with Kathleen, Lady Drogheda, Mrs. Walter Whigham with Madeleine Carroll and Jacques de la Beraudière, Lady Cowdray and daughter, Angela Murray, Mrs. Carlisle and daughter, Bridget Smiley, the inimitable Vera "Perrier-Jouët" Mazzuchi with "Coco"



Bassano

## MRS. VIVIAN CORNELIUS

In reflective mood at Erlwood, Windlesham, Berkshire. Mr. Vivian Cornelius's attractive and clever wife has a flair for the house beautiful, and she has recently been exercising this artistic gift in re-modelling and redecorating Erlwood, which was left to Mr. Vivian Cornelius by his father. The late Mr. Cornelius died while his son and daughter-in-law were in Cairo

Chanel, the patrician-profiled Principessa "Carla" Boncompagni (all set for another St. Moritz winter) with Iya, Lady Abdy, who has become a sculptress, having toyed with the stage, the Harry Hay Morgans (who are coming over for the Cresta Ball in December) with Jack Heaton and his mink-coated *fiancée*, "Baby" Robinson plus Serge Assiewsky, known to the Cresta as "Serviette," Tullio Carminati, of singing screen fame, Gwen Farrar in a suit of the material men choose for wedding trousers, Dorothy Wilde, in whom *fin-de-siècle* veterans find Uncle Oscar's features, Miss "Rosie" Kerr, who went back to one of Lord Faringdon's week-end parties, the Yuvaraj of Mysore, the Dietrich, painter Beltran-Massés and his latest sitter, Comtesse Jacqueline de Massey, Lord and Lady Ashley (she was Mlle. Soulier, so can surprise waiters by ordering in French); young beauties—"Florrie" Owen, Madame Jean Dupuy (*née* Spreckles), Madame Christian Dufaure (June O'Malley-Keyes) and Baronne Jean Pellenc; dominant hostess Nina "Pommery" Polignac and brilliantly creative designer Anita de Pombo, wearing a suit for the bull-ring; all these and many more lunch at the Ritz. "Toni" Portago ate his last meal there before leaving for Spain. The grander, older parties are on the Vendôme side; twos and threes and vocal quartettes in the Grill.

\* \* \*

Guitry's quartette, named "Quadrille," where I saw Prince and Princess Aly Khan, is lighter than thistledown. Sacha borrows a breakfast set and Pauline Carton an apron from the Ritz, otherwise nothing momentous happens in four acts. It is mildly enjoyable and I liked Gaby Morlay's romping as the stagey wife after so many emotional parts in the Gymnase. Jacqueline Guitry wears elegant clothes in her incurably waxwork way. There is quite a good Henri Bernstein, not up to "Le Secret" or "Le Venin," but with two interesting acts out of five. Praising the acting were the lovely Lloyd-Thomas sisters, débutante daughters of the polo-playing British Minister. Polo only ended on November 1 at Chantilly. Until then Joerggen Bagge and other Deauvilleois were having good games several days a week. It seems a pity London polo has to (why?) close down with Goodwood. Another sport in vogue is greyhound racing at Courbevoie, a copy of the White City, where you dine well in the Privé for forty francs. "Charlie" Munn is its presiding genius. The night I was there his three daughters had several entries, the Duke of Sutherland two, Lady Mendl one, also Lady

(Continued overleaf)



## HOST AND GUESTS AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY

David Cathcart-Walker-Heneage, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Cathcart-Walker-Heneage, of Killochan Castle, reached the mature age of seven not long ago. Of course, this meant a birthday party, and here he is with three of his special friends, who shared his cake and admired his presents. They are (from left) the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Vivian's daughter, Sally, Susan Standish, daughter of Mrs. George Monro-Kerr, and the Hon. Caroline Thynne, eldest member of Lord and Lady Weymouth's family



## And the World said—*continued*

Granard. The steam heat functions a degree too well, but no doubt this prevents complaints about non-existent *courants d'air*. That unique elder sportsman, Mr. Berry Wall, was dining, also "Doc" Holden from Palm Beach, which reminds me, Mr. Herman Huffer, seen waltzing in the Ritz here with Mlle. Guillène de Dampierre, is returning to his boat there, while Mr. Ralph Beaver Strassburger is said to be seeking another playground. Last year's Visiting Couple No. 1, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, are going to Java, also a number of previous Florida regulars, so maybe Hialeah, Miami, will look less like Kempton Park this season—from a personality point of view. The scenery does not compare.

\* \* \*

For your notebooks. There is a fish place in the rue des Débarcadères, less crowded but almost as good as Prunier's; a witty miniature revue with and by Saint-Granier and Dorin; a typical juicy spectacle at the Casino de Paris; another witty little revue by "Rip" at the Nouveautés, only recommended if the language comes easily; "Les Trois Valses" with Yvonne Printemps, which is still impossible to get into at short notice; a new play by the man who wrote "Elizabeth, La Femme sans Hommes"—this time on the Borgias; a new Maurice Rostand, also historical; and an entertaining, lyrical Jean Cocteau about King Arthur and his Knights. Queen Guinevere does not emerge white as the driven snow, but that was to be expected. I liked this strange piece, but it has detractors, so perhaps you are safer to fall back on the Folies Bergères, though the phrase reminds me of Noel FitzHenry's drawing entitled "So we fell back on cold ham." You will want to dine at the Exhibition once, for the children to see the fireworks, and it is really worth spending Saturday in the country if invited to attend *la chasse à courre*, where pageantry and comedy are nicely blended and the stag does not always meet with tragedy. Cocktail parties seem as numerous as in London. Marisia Ulam had a coloured band from the "Expo" at hers to remind us that Garland Wilson is doing marvellous things to his piano at the Bœuf. Max Stuckart, the best Viennese waltzer in the world, had a thousand people to his at the newly-done-over Berry bar, now called "Tout Paris." It was Tout Paris with a vengeance—jockeys, actresses, painters, beauties, three Ministers, all the visiting firemen and a distinguished older onlooker, the Maharani of Baroda, who left for London next day. M. Léon Blum sent Max his regrets! The nicest Blum story is told by Madame Ulam, a Rabbi's daughter. "Moses made Saturday a day of rest, Jesus Christ Sunday and Léon Blum Monday. If there are any more great Jews—on ne travaillera plus."

\* \* \*

Nothing could have been

nastier or more typically Newbury than climatics at the last meeting. It takes more than a cloudburst to keep the three Lygons off a race course, and Margaret Stirling, of Keir, seemed at home in the downpour, her home being in Perthshire. Prince Aly used his umbrella as a stick, to the ruination of his new green hat. A grass-green mac protected Mary Butler-Henderson with pretty cousin Daphne. Lady Grenfell, back from Canada, Henry Cecil, Jane and John Nelson, the Norfolks, and, of course, the Clive Grahams, gallantly pretended to enjoy this awful afternoon. Another horsey event, held in comfort under cover at St. George's stables, Winkfield, was Mrs. Cull's cocktail party-cum-horse-show, with Princess Helena Victoria as guest of honour. Young Graf Orsich, the Austrian horseman, gave H.H. a running commentary, while the George Bellevus appraised her sisters, Joan and Evadne Cull, in the ring. Lady Weigall, propelled by Sir "Archie," their daughter, Lady Curzon, popping her glasses on and off when listening to Hamar Bagnall, and the Etienne Bellengers, from London's French colony, seemed suitably impressed by the largest covered riding school in the country. Their hostess, with her family, and son-in-law Somerset Herald, have already selected Gstaad for Christmas.

\* \* \*

Another sporting event was Brooklands 1937 *finale*, unique because all three courses were used in one afternoon. Lunching at the Flying Club, I saw the charming "Peggy" Forbes-Sempill, whose brother's name is one to juggle with in aviation, also Povys-Lybbe, who was third in the first event, and Peter Aitken, unlucky in both his races. The club has a modern and friendly little bar, some amusing murals of members, and a glass-fronted dining-room with a vista of black and scarlet club machines. Conte "Johnny" Lurani, owner of the Italian racing stable well known here, was represented by brilliant Conte Trossi, his star driver. "Johnny's" personal contact with his Scudena Ambrosianas has been curtailed more than somewhat by service in Abyssinia. Raymond Mays, who ate a picnic beside his car at the E.R.A. shed, won the Siam Trophy for the second successive year. Prince Chula of Siam presented it, and Kathleen, Lady Drogheda handed her trophy to Hans Reusch, of Switzerland, the Alfa ace. Next day I met Bertram Mills' son at "Hawkes Ridge," the magnificent aerodrome near Denham which Miles Bickerton made. Mr. Mills, Jun., was off to search for circus talent in his Tiger Moth.

\* \* \*

Cheshire reports its Brighter Set was all set for fun at Ralph Midwood's party. Cleggs, Moseleys, Hardys, Spiegelbergs, Neilsons and Cottons predominated. A double sister act consisted of "Ursie" and Barbara Reiss and "Susie" and "Tibby" Rolt. Noel Winterbottom and "Doozie" Cotton looked nice, but who was the unknown lovely in mauve? At four a.m. they were still dancing in sculptress Mrs. Bournemouth's studio, and next day there was bicycle-polo, followed by Mrs. Sparrow's cocktail party at Alvaston Hall.



THE CHRISTENING OF THE QUEEN'S GREAT-NEPHEW

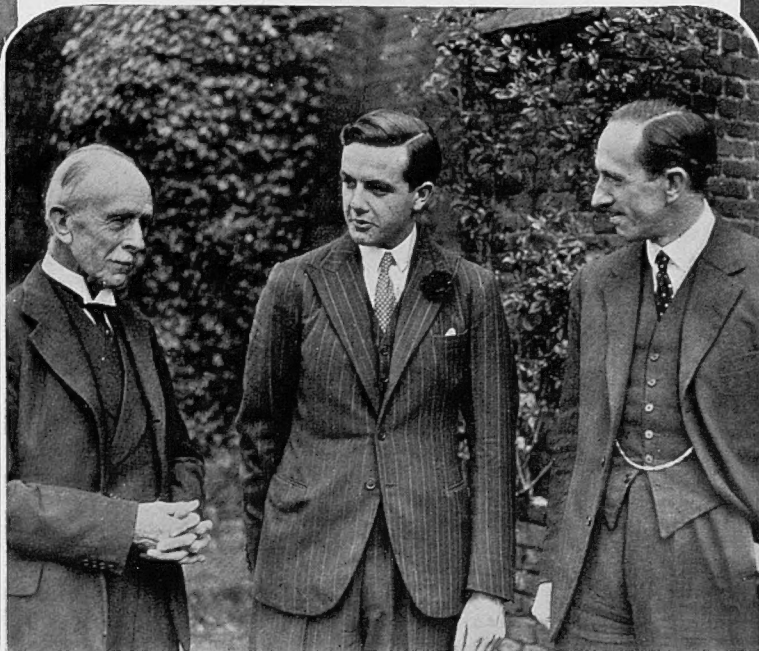
The Hon. Mrs. Wills, niece of H.M. The Queen, with her husband and their son photographed on their way from 10 Wilton Crescent to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for the baby's christening. The Queen, for whom the Hon. Mrs. Wills stood proxy, was godmother to her great-nephew, who received the names Andrew Arnold Lyon. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret attended the ceremony. The little Princesses were also present when the Hon. Jean Elphinstone, second daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, was married to Mr. John Lycett Wills, the Life Guards, son of Captain and Mrs. Arnold Wills, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 25, 1936



## A COMING-OF-AGE AND SOME HUNTER TRIALS



LORD DAVID CECIL AT THE COMING-OF-AGE LUNCH AT HATFIELD



THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY AND THE HON. ROBERT CECIL, HIS GRANDSON, AND LORD CRANBORNE, HIS SON



THE HON. RICHARD CECIL, LORD CRANBORNE'S YOUNGER SON



LORD LECONFIELD, M.F.H., AT HIS HUNTER TRIALS WITH MR. P. MUSGRAVE



MISS WYATT AND MISS DIANA BELL



AND MISS IRENE MANN-THOMPSON AND MISS SHEILA PRICE

The coming-of-age luncheon for the Hon. Robert Cecil, with which the pictures at the top of this page are concerned, was held at the Old Palace, Hatfield House, the Marquess of Salisbury's historic seat, and also, long ago, of one of the earliest lady M.F.H.s, the then Marchioness, very famous in fox-hunting history. The picture in the centre at the top is the most interesting because in it are embraced three generations. Lord Cranborne is Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His younger brother, Lord David Cecil, is on the left, and his younger son, the Hon. Richard Cecil, on the right. Lord Leconfield, who has been Master of his own hounds since 1901, held his hunter trials at Lee Place, Wisborough Green, Sussex. They hunt over classic ground, for it was here that the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was Master of the Old Charlton, and he had them almost up to the time of Sedgemoor. Amongst the many young enthusiasts competing at the trials was the renowned "Ikey's" daughter, Diana Bell, who rides so well





Hyman Fink

FRANCHOT TONE AND WIFE, JOAN CRAWFORD

Hero and heroine of many a good picture, and in a great number they have appeared together. They are both in *The Bride Wore Red*, now showing, and she has more or less recently given us a very satisfying Mrs. Cheyney; and as to Franchot Tone, he does so many it is difficult to keep track of them. Joan Crawford's attractive hat is a leading note in the above picture from Hollywood

**A**WAKENINGS need not necessarily be rude, as I learned the other afternoon at the Plaza. On arrival I gathered that the major film had just begun, since there was a blast of music in progress and a wailing choir was singing the words:—

In lovely Tahua,  
At ebb-tide, with you!

This was accompanied on the screen by a polychromatic vision of a South Sea island, and I settled down in anticipation of the worst. That is to say, of a coloured singing film about bronzed Englishmen and brown maidens living on an island where it is always afternoon and native instruments and American singing. Their music, I determined, should lie more gently on my spirit than my tired eyelids on my tired eyes. Bits of Tennyson came back into my mind as I sat there lotos-eating at the Plaza.

Hateful is the dark blue sky,  
Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea!

murmured I, gazing wearily at that inky ocean and those delphinium heavens.

Then a very odd thing happened. I was suddenly wide-awake and in full enjoyment of the fortunes of three beach-combers, played by three vaguely familiar actors. A minute more and I began to realise a few things. The first was the immediate cause of my alertness—the startlingly good and pointed dialogue the three loafers were exchanging. The second was the actors' identities, for the swarthy fellow was undoubtedly that grand actor, Oscar Homolka, and the little Dublin-faced man pretending to be a Cockney was certainly that superb comedian, Barry Fitzgerald. The remaining member of the trio, a tall Englishman, looked as if he ought to be Gary Cooper; I later identified him as Ray Milland.

# THE CINEMA

## Polite Awakening

By JAMES AGATE

After being caught in a rainstorm and having an altercation with a Scots skipper, the three found themselves in charge of a ship whose cargo was champagne. The swarthy Dutchman appointed himself captain, and the Englishman was mate, while the little Irishman settled down to consume the cargo. The first and the third were manifest rogues, though the Dutchman had a redeeming regard for his children at home, especially his daughter. In a speech that was wholly remarkable for what I still took to be the ordinary adventure film, the captain told us that his daughter was really dead, but that he had made a point of always pretending she was still alive and waiting at home for him. The Irishman, meanwhile, arrived at the second case of champagne only to make the singular discovery that it and all the remainder consisted solely of bottles of water with a couple of casks of sulphuric acid by way of variety. The three had just got over this shock, when a lovely young woman appeared with a gun and said she was the former skipper's daughter and the real owner of the ship.

On top of these occurrences there happened a magnificent squall, as good as any I have ever seen in the cinema. And then we came to the island, the inevitable island, and yet one with a difference. For it contained a single white man—though the Technicolor made him look like a saffron version of Robert Louis Stevenson—attended by three or four Kanakas. This man's hobbies were pearl-collecting and religious mania, and his name was Attwater. The mention of this name brought me light, a light which should have dawned as soon as I heard that the Irish Cockney was called Huish, or, at least, as soon as I saw Attwater's resemblance to R. L. S. For the film was called *Ebb Tide*, as I noted when the titles came round again, and it was a version of the magnificent novel, *The Ebb-Tide*, which I read so long ago that I had very nearly forgotten

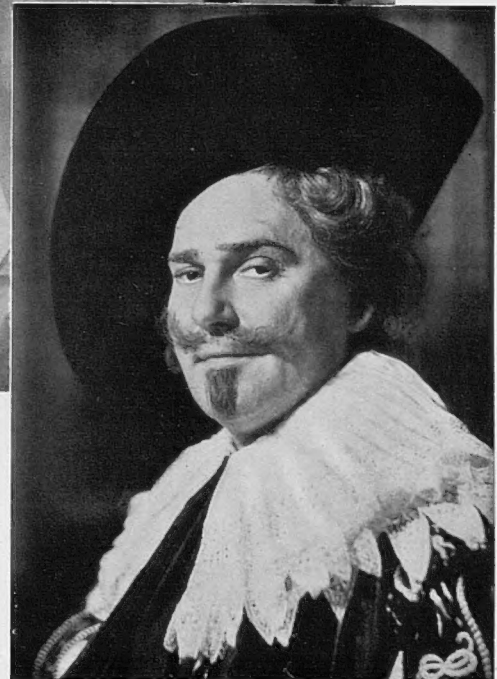
it. There on the screen were the words, after the long list of directors and camera-men: "Based on a Story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne." "A story" is so like the films!

The end of the film, like that of the book, is at once summary and tremendous. Huish and the Dutchman set out to steal their host's store of pearls by the ghastly expedient of throwing vitriol at him. He shoots them both in cold blood, though in the novel I seem to remember that the captain is spared at the last moment. Attwater's exquisitely rational form of insanity is brought out brilliantly in the film by an actor called Lloyd Nolan. Homolka, as the Dutchman, is better than I have ever seen him before, which is saying a very great deal. His intimations of decency, for the vitriol is Huish's notion, are admirably conveyed, and his death scene has a very striking pathos. Frances Farmer is an extraordinarily pretty new actress, though, of course, I have sought in vain in the novel for the young lady with the gun. At least, we are wonderfully spared any love-making, even on the island.

As soon as the film was over, I rushed off to buy the book and so renew its acquaintance. Apart from the unimportant things already noted, and the needless forcing of an Irish actor to play a Cockney (he might just as well have been made Irish), and apart especially from the opening and closing blasts of hideous music, this is an absolutely first-class transcription to the screen of a rich and enchanting novel. An astonishing amount of the original dialogue is retained, and the thing is carried through at an exciting pace. Yet nobody seems to have taken the slightest notice of *Ebb Tide*, and nobody, presumably, will. I dare say a single silly kiss would have made all the difference!

J. A.





Stage Photo Co. and (inset) B.M.O.

"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER": JOHN GARRICK (FRANS HALS), IRENE EISINGER (LYSBETH), AND (INSET) ARTHUR MARGETSON AS "THE LAUGHING CAVALIER"

Frans Hals' enigmatic cavalier has at long last been made to explain that laugh—which never was a real laugh but something betwixt and between it and a sardonic sneer. It now appears that the reason why this gallant was given that expression by the artist was because he was in love with the artist's pretty wife, under the impression that she was his daughter. When he discovered this, the dashing but strictly honourable cavalier of Haarlem was much "discomfited." The play is beautifully produced at the Adelphi, and Hals by John Garrick, his ever-loving wife by Irene Eisinger, the famous Glyndebourne opera star, and Arthur Margetson in the name part and a marvellous make-up, take very high honours. The book and lyrics are by Reginald Arkell and Stafford Byrne, and Aubrey Hammond scores a big triumph with the scenery and dress designs





Bassano

LT.-COL. E. G. W. W. HARRISON,  
M.F.H.

The Joint-Master and huntsman of the South Oxfordshire hounds, who came on in 1935 in partnership with Mrs. A. G. Elliot in succession to Mr. Bill Brunskill and Mr. C. P. Crump, the former having been with them since 1931. The country is in Oxford and Bucks

conspicuously moderate; nevertheless, hounds have accounted for a good average number of cubs, and the field have enjoyed the wonderful spell of summerlike weather. Early rising has been a real joy. There has been no inducement to let hounds go while the adamant condition remains, the risk of lameness being too great. We miss our late "Sec.," Major Bill Massey, who has now retired, making a further gap in our ranks, but some new faces are showing up each day. The "Tony" Bellvilles, and "Rupert," who has recovered from his thrilling experiences in Spain, still keep up the traditions of a family so long connected with the Fernie Hunt. Mr. Bertram Currie, who has taken Dingley Hall, the home of the late Earl Beatty, will hunt from there, while Lady Jersey, who has taken a hunting box at Great Bowden, will be amongst the newcomers. With the dahlias dead and some good rain, everything points to a successful season. May the new regime have the best of luck and good hunting.

**From the Warwickshire**  
Warwickshire appears to be in pretty good fettle for the coming season, and there will be very few vacancies in either Stalls or Pit. Most of the empty houses have been bespoken, some by newcomers, some by old friends who have contracted new alliances, and we have a certain number of cases of "old wine in new bottles"—to wit, Joan and Mud at Butler's Marston, and Sylvia and Bush at Pitterne Hill. Not so much of the "old," either, for this country is getting steadily repopulated by numbers of young people who go like smoke, and with two young Masters leading the way, and a young huntsman of first-class ability, even if the old order is changing one is forced to admit it is all for

## From the Shires and Provinces

**From the Fernie**  
With the skirl of the pipes still ringing in our ears those who have spent the season in Scotland have now returned to the note of the hunting horn and the morning greetings at the covert side. Our new Master, Sir Julien Cahn, having laid down the willow, has now taken up the reins of office, and although his absence during the early stages has been unavoidable, his able field masters, Lord Allerton and Lt.-Col. Breitmeyer, have carried on the good work. Conditions have been anything but good, the ground hard-baked, and, naturally, scent

the best. A very welcome recruit from the North Warwickshire country is Patsy Mackay, who will surely be often here when married to Washy, and we are all earnestly hoping that Tavie and his most gallant lady may still retain a horse or two and continue the sport they love so well. There is also a strong and promising undergrowth of the rising generation, chiefly due to undefeated effort on the part of Mrs. Wilkinson with the Pony Club, and these are following in Father's footsteps with the greatest ardour and success. With ground like the best-kept motor track, cub-hunting has been conducted under abnormally trying conditions, but George and his two whips have shown at their most brilliant best, while he and his hounds have also demonstrated the "two minds with but a single thought," for every hound is an undoubted fox-catcher.



Bassano

LT.-COL. ROLEY MILVAIN,  
M.F.H.

Colonel Milvain, one of the few Masters who owns and hunts his own pack of hounds, takes no subscription and no cap. His country is in Northumberland, a bit lent him by the Percy, and he has his kennels at his own house, Eglington Hall, Alnwick

**From the Heythrop**  
Thanks to the recent heavy fall of rain, we hope that by the time these notes appear in print the opening meet will have duly taken place on the due date, i.e., Monday, November 1. Cub-hunting has gone forward in a period of unparalleled and prolonged drought, and it seemed highly probable that the opening meet would have to be postponed pending the arrival of rain. However, in spite of every climatic and dietetic handicap

imaginable, such as thick fog and hard ground, thick beer and hard cheese, the hunt staff have done really well, and hounds have killed a large number of cubs. Our former and much-respected huntsman, Jack Lawrence, has been out on several occasions. He has recently returned from a trip to America, and has now settled down in his skyscraper in umpteenth Avenue, Oddington.

May the rain continue and soon give us soft ground and smelly foxes.



Topham

CAPTAIN L. BOLTON, MASTER OF THE WOOLWICH DRAG  
A picture at the opening meet at Pratts Bottom, near Farnborough, last week. Captain Bolton, who is a Horse Gunner, has had them since 1935. The pack was first started in 1866 by the then Captain A. H. W. Williams, afterwards General Sir Albert Williams, Colonel Commandant of the Royal Regiment till he died

**From the York and Ainsty**  
By the time this appears the South pack will have started their regular season and the North be just about to, but with this difference—that the Southerners have exactly the same Master, huntsman and whippers-in, whereas the Northerners have had changes all round, including even a new site for their kennels. Lord Mountgarret gave up the North pack at

(Continued on p. xxiv)



## AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT



WAITING FOR THEIR CARS AFTER THE CEREMONY:

Lady Headfort (second from left), Dr. Martin (the Abyssinian Minister), Lady Dufferin and Ava, Lord Stanley of Alderley and the Marquess of Milford Haven



LADY ELIZABETH AND LADY DIANA PERCY,  
LORD CLYDESDALE, AND LADY DESBOROUGH



THE ARM OF THE LAW: SIR PHILIP GAME  
AND MAJOR DE CHAIR



MRS. NEVILLE  
CHAMBERLAIN



THE MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM  
AND LADY MARY BOSCAWEN

The opening of the first Parliament of the new reign on October 26 was marked by very great brilliance and perhaps more than usual enthusiasm. His Majesty's reading of the Speech from the Throne impressed everyone, and was delivered in clear and deliberate tones audible all over the Chamber. The weather was moderately kind, but not sufficiently so for the Prime Minister, who was confined to the house by an attack of gout. The snapshot of his gracious consort was taken as she was leaving Downing Street. Distinguished foreign diplomats and representatives were naturally in force, and some of them are seen above, including Dr. Martin, of luckless Abyssinia. Lady Dufferin, who is in the same group with Lady Headfort, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and the Marquess of Milford Haven, is the former Miss Maureen Guinness. The wedding of Lord Clydesdale to Lady Elizabeth Percy, both in the group at the top, is fixed for December 2 at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. Sir Philip Game and his Assistant Commissioner at the Yard always have a busy and anxious time upon occasions like this, but seem to have borne up quite well under the strain. The Marchioness of Graham, wife of the son and heir of the Duke of Montrose, is with her sister-in-law, Lady Mary Boscawen





MR. PATRICK BALFOUR,  
AUTHOR OF A GOOD NEW BOOK

"Lords of the Equator," Mr. Balfour's new book, which has just been published by Hutchinson, describes a modern journey through Central Africa in the steps of Stanley and Livingstone, a journey made largely by lorry-hopping. The above snapshot was taken at Chagford, Devon, where the author was holiday-making after correcting the last proofs of the book. Mr. Balfour's last book was "Grand Tour," describing a very interesting motor journey in India

"America's Classic Murder" is more full of satisfying "mystery" than any crime book founded purely on imagination. The outline of this very famous case is simple enough. Mr. Borden was one of those rich men who lived well within half his income. His wife had died, leaving him with two young daughters, Lizzie and Emma. He married again, taking his middle-aged wife back with him to his unpretentious home at Fall River, New England. Almost from the beginning domestic trouble began. Emma and Lizzie Borden did not take to their new stepmother, although there was apparently nothing to account for this dislike other than jealousy. At length, discomfort came to such a point that Mr. and Mrs. Borden took their meals apart from the girls. Things went on thuswise for some years. Miss Emma often went on visits; Miss Lizzie filled up her time by becoming voluntary secretary to several religious organisations in the town.

Then, on the nights of Tuesday and Wednesday, August 2nd and 3rd, 1892, Mr. and Mrs. Borden are taken suddenly ill. On August 3rd Miss Lizzie Borden had made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain prussic acid from the local chemist, for the ostensible purpose of cleaning her winter furs—though later on it came to light that no furrier had ever heard of such treatment. That same evening she calls on her friend, Miss Russell, to tell her that she is afraid something dreadful is going to happen to her father and stepmother. She does not know what it is, but she has a terrible foreboding. The next day she is late for breakfast. Mr. Borden goes down-town to his business. At 9.30, Mrs. Borden—who, later on, Lizzie declared,

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

### A Famous Murder Mystery.

**R**EAL-LIFE stories nearly always beat fictional ones hands down—except when it comes to sentimental love-stories; then, I own, fiction has it all its own rose-strewn way. That is why novels are, I suppose, so popular. A novelist knows when to stop: life has sometimes an unromantic habit of going on. As for "thrillers," life writes by far the better. There is, for example, a hundred degrees more interest in Mr. Edmund Pearson's absorbing story of "The Trial of Lizzie Borden" (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.) than in the whole library of crime fiction lumped together. For the tale of what he calls

had had a note asking her to go at once to visit a sick friend, whose identity was subsequently never discovered—goes upstairs to the spare room and is brutally murdered. Lizzie is downstairs all this time, ironing. An hour later Mr. Borden returns; has a brief doze on the sofa and, while dozing, is battered to death with an axe. Miss Lizzie, who declared that at this time she was up in the attic of an outhouse—where, so she said, she remained for half an hour looking for fishing tackle—hears a faint sound and, on returning to the house, discovers her father's body. She informs the servant. Then she goes upstairs, to descend immediately to give the ghastly news of her stepmother's violent death.

The only person in the house—and it was a small house—at the time of each tragedy was the younger daughter, Lizzie Borden. The defence is that some mysterious person, for no apparent reason, stole into the house while Miss Lizzie was ironing and brutally killed Mrs. Borden a few yards away. After which he or she hid in the cupboard downstairs, waited for the return of Mr. Borden, and brutally killed him. Whereupon, he or she mysteriously disappeared, leaving no clue behind, and was seen by nobody, although it was broad daylight outside and the street was a quiet, residential one. In fact, this mysterious murderer was never heard of again. There were clues, however, and every single clue led directly to one person—Lizzie Borden. On August 7th she burnt a dress which she had been wearing on the day of the crime. She and her sister stood to gain by the death of her father and stepmother. She contradicted herself time and again. The story of her alibi on the fatal morning varied almost from day to day. She alone was in the house when the first murder was committed—according to her account, she heard nothing. She was only across the yard when the second murder was perpetrated, but she said she heard only a slight groan. As I wrote above, the murderer, according to Miss Lizzie, made no sound, left no clue, was unseen. Every bit of evidence, in fact, led directly to herself as being the murderer. On August 11th, 1892, she was arrested. On June 20th, 1893, she was found Not Guilty after a trial which was a victory for the defending counsel if not for justice. She died on June 1st, 1927, leaving a large sum of money to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

This story of a really classic murder could not possibly have been better told than it is by the late Edmund Pearson, who was an authority on the crime. It interests as well as excites. It is human and dramatic and curiously ironical as a picture of human behaviour when sentimental emotion takes the place of the mind—as it

so often does. In method, the story follows the form of our own Notable British Trials Series. In the beginning there is a brief account of the Borden family life previous to the crime. Then the crime itself. Then the always-important and usually vital period which follows immediately, with the evidence mounting up and up, and in this case pointing directly to one culprit. For there is no doubt in Mr. Pearson's mind who did murder Mr. and Mrs. Borden, and after reading his account it is impossible not to agree with him. That Lizzie Borden was eventually found not guilty was one among the strangest series of episodes in this—one of the strangest of all "undiscovered" crimes. In a roundabout way, a way, however, which is fully shown in this book—she was allowed to go free simply because people could not conceive that she had either the strength or the daring to have committed the crime! Yet Lizzie Borden had both. He writes: "It is probable that the perpetrator of the Borden murders did not expect to be arrested or even seriously to be suspected. Reliance was placed upon previous good reputation; and upon a life which was



MR. KEITH BRIANT

The former editor of the "Isis," which is the famous mouthpiece of young Oxford, has just had a book, "Oxford Limited," published by Michael Joseph, and as the author was up at Oxford for five years he is naturally a master of his subject. He has done this book very well

(Continued on page 200)





AT  
MOSTYN,  
A  
FAMOUS  
FAMILY  
SEAT IN  
NORTH  
WALES

+

LORD AND LADY MOSTYN  
AND THEIR FAMILY

Lord Mostyn, seen here in the bosom of his family at his exceptionally beautiful seat in Flintshire, comes of a family with a great sporting tradition behind it, and one member of which, Sir Thomas Mostyn, provided Surtees with his model for the immortal "Rich Bragg," who so infuriated Mr. Jorrocks. This was his huntsman, "Gentleman Shaw," who, good as he was at his craft, was very much spoilt, and in many of his idiosyncrasies not unlike the fastidious "Mr. Bragg." The present Lord Mostyn has served in the Irish Guards, the 3rd Reserve Battalion, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, and in the Household Cavalry. In 1918 he married Miss Constance Reynolds, only child of the late Mr. W. H. Reynolds, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and the children seen in the above group are the Hon. Roger, the Hon. John, the Hon. Elizabeth, and the Hon. Thomas Lloyd-Mostyn. The heir, the Hon. Roger Lloyd-Mostyn, is still at Eton, where his father was before him



THE EQUESTRIAN SIDE OF THINGS

Yevonde, Berkeley Square



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

outwardly one of religious devotion; and upon the widespread delusion that 'a woman wouldn't do such a thing.' Here her (Lizzie Borden's) calculations were sound. The extreme barbarity of the murders was a bulwark of her defence."

Finally, not the least strange part of this strange story of real life is to remember that in the quiet cemetery of Oak Grove, Fall River, there is a small plot of ground on which is a modest monument, and around lie the graves of Mr. Borden and his second wife; also of Emma Borden; while at her father's feet lies the body of Lizzie Borden—who wrecked the lives of all three of them. Or didn't she? Well, that is the haunting side of this sensational story from life. Read it and come to your own conclusions.

## Elinor Mordaunt's Interesting Autobiography.

In some ways I am convinced that women write more interesting autobiographies than men do. Modern women, anyway. Men are too apt to leave nearly all the story of their lives to incident and to incident alone. Women tell us much more about themselves as individuals. Probably women are more interested in themselves as individuals than men are. As a rule, they are more subjective. At any rate, it is that mixture of incident and psychological reaction to experiences which makes Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt's autobiography, "Sinabada" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), so unusually exciting to read. It begins with the expected memories of childhood. She owns that she must have been a rather difficult little girl—but then, she belonged to a fairly large family, brought up to be independent in spite of its "Victorian" atmosphere. It was, consequently, a case with her of having to fight her own battles or be trodden upon. "Yet," she writes, "for all my defiance, my 'tread-on-the-tail-of-my-coat' manner, I was desperately anxious to do right and please people.

But I never succeeded. I think I used to forget. Anyhow, I had a bad dog's name of being a very naughty little girl. Even now there are people still older than myself who say, 'What a dreadful little girl you were!' And it still affects me in the same way, like a blow in the chest, so that I could cry: for I hate people not to like me. But it has been like that always; if I love or try to please or help anyone, I am done for. It is the people I don't care twopence about who will eat out of my hand."

Later on she married young. The marriage was an unhappy one. She returned from Mauritius with her child, a boy, to rejoin her family. Discovering, as others have discovered before her, that Time quickly fills up most niches and to remake them only disturbs other people's routine. So she took her child and went to Australia. There she very nearly starved. Illness and poverty dogged her footsteps. She tried to earn a living painting sunshades and designing embroidery patterns. It was thankless labour. But it proved once again—and it is one of the most

disconcerting facts of life!—that comparative strangers come forward in time of real trouble where friends merely proffer advice. The mild success of the first book she ever wrote encouraged her to come to England. Subsequent books had an increasing measure of success. In order to get the right atmosphere for one of her novels, she became a factory hand, living among other factory hands. Then she began to travel, and she has been travelling, off and on, ever since. Zigzagging, so to speak, all over the world. For a brief period she was "queen" of a cannibal island; for a briefer period, a witch-doctor. She has sailed the seas on windjammers and small schooners. She has been almost everywhere and done almost everything, and being an unusually gifted writer she can make her experiences as exciting and as entertaining for us as if we were experiencing them ourselves, more or less.

For the most part her travels have been voluntary, but occasionally they have been undertaken in spite of herself. Some people, however, are born to move on, and of such is Mrs. Mordaunt. She writes: "If there is a Heaven and

one ever goes to it, how delicious it would be to take the house you've loved best, the person you've loved best, your best cat, your best dog, your garden, and really settle down to grow perennials and not annuals. As life is, I've never dared to try perennials—something always happens." So her life-story is the story of endless changes of scene, much hardship, much ill-health, much disappointment; but always lived with that determination to get out and get on, and to be cheerful at all times, which makes this autobiography of such varied interest and of such unusual appeal.

## First Nights.

Mr. James Agate is really a very wonderful man! Indeed, I have a shrewd suspicion that he is so gifted he could, at a pinch, write about something he knew nothing whatever about and still make it as amusing, as "penetrating," and as utterly and enjoyably "readable" as he does when he writes about films and books and horses, and especially about the theatre. Anyway, I know no other critic now writing in English newspapers whose dramatic criticisms are as interesting to read long after the plays discussed have finished their "run" and become half-forgotten, as they were when they were "news." If you doubt me, read this new collection of Mr. Agate's dramatic criticisms called "More First Nights" (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.). You will find in it wit, irony, and always an original and personal point of view. Strangely enough, he is as amusing and as interesting when he is writing about the National Theatre, or a French classic, or Shakespeare, or Ibsen, or of Tchekhov, as he is when he is discussing Mr. Cochran's revues or musical farces at the Gaiety, albeit in a lighter vein. There isn't, in fact, a dull paragraph in the whole book—that is, if you have any interest at all in the modern theatre, the modern plays, and in modern players.



THE HON. MRS. MICHAEL HENDERSON AND FAMILY

An at-home photograph of Captain the Hon. Michael Henderson's wife with Sarah, James and Charles, who joined the family circle in July. Mrs. Henderson, eldest daughter of the late Lt.-Colonel H. E. Brassey, and of Lady Norah Smith, and niece of Lord Donoughmore, has been married since 1929. Her husband, formerly in the 16th Lancers, is Lord Faringdon's brother and heir-presumptive. The canine member of this attractive group answers to the name of Grumpy and appears to have lived up to it when confronted with the camera; he is a Yakhound, a breed of the Husky persuasion, only larger



# LADY LONDONDERRY'S RECEPTION AT LONDONDERRY HOUSE



FAMOUS SISTERS: MISS VIOLET  
AND MISS IRENE VANBRUGH



THE HON. EDWARD JESSEL  
AND LADY HELEN JESSEL



PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO  
TALKING TO LORD HOWLAND



SIR BROGRAVE BEAUCHAMP, M.P.  
AND LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP



THE HON. JOHN FOX-STRANGWAYS, LADY  
ILCHESTER AND (BEHIND) MAJOR HERBERT



LADY ELIBANK WITH  
LORD SCARSDALE

Receptions at Londonderry House are always impressive functions, and the one given to meet the Prime Minister on the eve of Parliament's new Session had all its accustomed scintillating stateliness. Nearly 1000 guests were greeted by Lady Londonderry, beside whom stood Mr. Neville Chamberlain, already showing signs of the attack of gout which mercilessly laid him low next day. Family supporters included Lord and Lady Londonderry's third daughter, Lady Helen Jessel, and her husband, and among early arrivals were those famed stage sisters, Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh.



MRS. ARTHUR JAMES FORGATHERS WITH  
LORD AND LADY BESSBOROUGH

Lady Oxford's authoress-daughter, Princess Antoine Bibesco, exchanged news with the Duke of Bedford's grandson, who added to the gaiety of this summer's Riviera season. The Member for Walthamstow and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp greeted friends on all sides, and so did Lady Ilchester, who had her son-in-law, Major J. A. Herbert, and her younger son with her. Lord Scarsdale, up from Kedleston for the opening of Parliament, had a cheerful word with the wife of Peeblesshire's Lord Lieutenant, Mrs. Arthur James, seen with Lord and Lady Bessborough, is a Warwickshire well-known



## CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST



## OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE G.S.

The annual match at Southfield, Oxford, between Oxford and the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, was this year made a two-day affair. The players in the opening match, seen moving off from the first tee, are: J. C. Laurie (O.U.G.C. sec.), K. B. Scott (O.U.G.C. captain); G. H. Micklem (O. and C. G.S.; an old Blue), and E. H. Moss (O. and C. G.S.; a former Oxford captain)

THE Open Champion is not only a great golfer but also, if I may say so, an excellent talker on golf. I wish the same could be said for everyone who likes to hold forth on the game. The same enthusiasm for golf that enables Cotton to play and teach day in and day out without getting mentally or physically stale, makes him such good value when he talks about the game.

The other day, when Miss Christina Foyle, of book fame, devoted one of her famous Literary Luncheons to golf—which I thought was a high compliment—Cotton made a most felicitous speech. He is nothing if not frank. He told of his early days when, like most first-class golfers, he was dominated by the American influence; how he "went out and bought a pair of black and white shoes"; and how he has gradually seen the Americans reduced to the standing of ordinary golfers instead of gods.

After referring to the numerous occasions when he has been (shall we say?) misunderstood, he invited the company to consider the conditions under which a professional does his work. "Imagine yourself sitting at your office desk," he said, "deep in concentration over a problem that may mean a thousand pounds to you. Just when you are in the middle and

the solution is, as it were, in the balance, a man comes up to you, taps you on the shoulder and says, 'Do you remember me? I am the man who picked your hat up when it blew off on Brighton pier three years ago.' So it is in golf. Just when you are battling for a championship, up comes the same man and says, 'You don't remember me. I am the man who said 'good shot' on the fifteenth tee when you played that exhibition match at So-and-So.'"

There is much in what Cotton says, and I can aver that remarks of his have often been twisted, perhaps not deliberately, to mean something that was not in his mind when he made the original utterance. The trouble is that he gives more opportunities for this sort of thing than a wiser man would offer.

"Cotton can't take it like American golfers," reads a news clipping, referring to remarks made



## OXFORD v. OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE AT SOUTHFIELD

Some more of the contestants at Southfield. They are: J. S. Rowell (O. and C.; an old Cambridge Blue), T. C. Harvey (O.U.G.C.), P. G. Foster (O.U.G.C.; a son of P. N. Foster, the triple Blue, who was also playing in the match), and R. H. Oppenheimer (O. and C.)

by the Americans when they heard that Cotton would not play in the *News of the World* and Southend tournaments. *Et tu, Brute!* Personally I hold the view that Cotton should have played in both, but if he cares to draw a little mild criticism on his head by not doing so, that is his business. It is certainly not the business of anyone in America, where they will be best employed for the next few years in trying to forget that their own present Open champion ever came over here in 1937.

Incidentally, one of the reasons why Cotton never ceases to play golf is that he wishes to keep his hands hard. Once when he gave up the game for six weeks, it took him three months to get his hands back to their original state. So, now, don't say these professionals do not earn their money.

There is a class of golfing readers, as I know from experience, who think that newspaper writers devote too much space to Cotton, just as football supporters glance first to see what Arsenal have done and then reach for their pens to write and ask the editor whether there is not any other team in the world than Arsenal. One of them even wrote—anonously, the cad—to say I should sign articles "By Cotton's Chronicler."

At any rate, since these gentlemen have probably thrown the page away in disgust by now, let us have a little more about Cotton.

I went down to watch him play at Goring Hall, a comparatively new course in Sussex with a nice old club-house

(Continued on page xxviii)

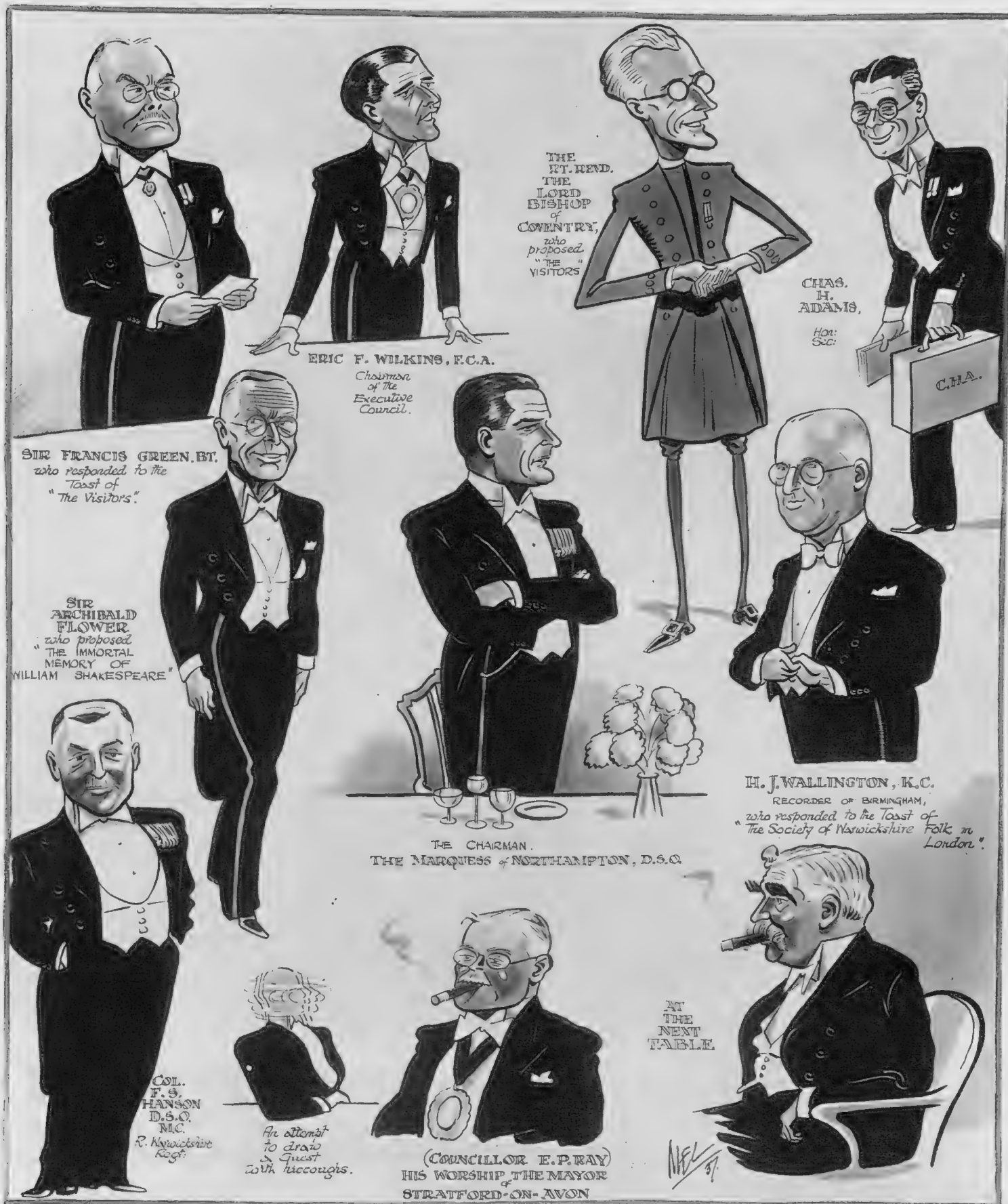


## A FAMOUS CRICKETER AT GOLF: JACK HOBBS

Jack Hobbs, as fine a cricketer as the game has ever seen, has been on holiday at Madron, near Penzance. He is seen watching something that has been lofted a bit during a round of golf on the local links



# WARWICKSHIRE IN LONDON



## ANNUAL DINNER OF THE SOCIETY OF WARWICKSHIRE FOLK IN LONDON—By "MEL"

On the menu-card of this annual re-union, which was held on October 25 at the Dorchester, there was this quotation: "This night I hold an old accustomed feast." Seeing that Warwickshire is Shakespeare's own county, this was most appropriate. There was further an extract from the "London Gazette" of November 1687, announcing that the dinner would be held at the Merchant Taylors' Hall on the 24th of that month. This was presented to the Society by Sir Henry Fairfax-Lucy, of Charlecote, one of whose wife's forebears was the magistrate before whom Shakespeare was haled for deer-poaching in Charlecote Park. Lord Leigh, the Lord Lieutenant of the County, is the President of the London Society, but in his absence the chair was taken by the Marquess of Northampton, and amongst those who supported him was, very appropriately, the Worshipful Mayor of Stratford, Councillor E. P. Ray. Sir Archibald Flower proposed the toast of "The Immortal Memory of William Shakespeare"—an appropriate sponsor, as he has a big stake in the county.



## LEISURE IN LUTETIA



THE COMTESSE DE LA VALDENE  
WITH COLONEL SIR IAN MALCOLM



MISS GWEN FARRAR AND  
MISS DOROTHY WILDE



THE MARQUISE BRAGHINI-NAGLIATI AND  
COMTESSE THÉRÈSE DE CARAMAN-CHIMAY



LADY PLUNKET,  
COMPLETE WITH MUFF



MR. CHARLES MUNN WITH  
LADY ABINGDON



CAPTAIN AND MRS. PHILIP ASTLEY  
GO SHOPPING

One wonders whether the Romans considered the city which they called Lutetia so pleasant a place in which to do nothing in particular as present-day folk consider the same city, which is Paris. Some recent *flâneurs* of her charming streets are collected above. The Comtesse Gaillard de la Valdene, who is seen in conversation with Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch, is that notable athlete of the tennis court and skating rink, the former Señorita Lili d'Alvarez. Miss Gwen Farrar, the well-known 'cellist of the Variety stage, was refreshing nature at a Champs Élysée café with a niece of Oscar Wilde when the camera came in range. Lady Plunket, who was the widow of the late Captain Jack Barnato before her marriage to Lord Plunket in 1922, had one of those useful appendages which keep the hands warm as well as being available for the storage of "small reckonings"—in fact, all the advantages of trouser-pockets! Mr. Charles Munn is the man responsible for the mass leg-pulling of innumerable greyhounds on every track in Europe. Mrs. Philip Astley is, of course, the lovely Madeleine Carroll, over to do a little recruiting of wardrobe and what-nots before starting work on a new Hollywood picture





## AT LONGCHAMPS

*By*

*JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE*





## *In Marble Halls*

*(To the tune of "I dreamt that I dwelt")*

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls  
 Designed in the very best taste;  
 There were pictures by Landseer adorning the walls,  
 And potted palms prettily placed.  
 There were butlers and flunkies to do my behest  
 In a very respectful way;  
 And I also dreamt, which pleased me best,  
 That they gave me a Guinness a day.

Its goodness and flavour quite captured my heart,  
 I was thrilled by its ruby-like gleam;  
 And then, to my sorrow, I woke with a start  
 And found it was only a dream.  
 Yet though palaces, pictures and palms, and the rest  
 That I dreamt of have vanished away,  
 I can still have the one thing that pleases me best—  
 I can still have a Guinness a day.

*A Guinness a day is good for you*





ON THE WEY CANAL

Ken. G. Bilbe

*The woods are lush with summer's green,  
The noonday warm and strong;  
Soundless over the water's face  
The slow barge slides along.  
Arriving not so blessed is  
As faring in contented bliss.*

*The old horse strolls beside the stream,  
The dripping tow-rope swings;  
In willow cool the nightingale,  
Hidden in shadow, sings.  
What need for hurry all the day?  
The ancient is the better way.*

A. M. HARBORD



## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

**R**USH up, you belated visitors, rush up! Positively the last weeks! No prolongation! The Exposition closes at the end of November... though, of course, *Très Cher*, if they postpone the closing as often as they postponed the opening, where's the hurry? All this as a preliminary to telling you that, from the

Gourmets from the world over have eaten *chez Foyot*. Gourmets and also many who were not! Paul Deschanel, who was an *habitué*, knew how to appreciate the excellent fare that was set before him, but President Wilson caused consternation amongst the staff when he waved aside the famous *canard à l'orange* and demanded boiled eggs and corn-on-the-cob. When President Paul Doumer was President of the Senate, he often took his meals at Foyot's, declaring that it was more convenient to just step across the street than to find his way through the interminable rooms and passages of the Senate to his private quarters on the other side of the Palace; but he was a very small eater, and was the only client of Foyot's for whom the chef consented to cook a "couple of eggs" every evening. Although many British visitors know this restaurant, very few are aware that a hotel was run by the management in the same building. It was enchantingly old-fashioned, with but few "modern conveniences," and yet the service was so perfect that it was marvellously comfortable. It was one of the last hotels, in this steam-heated age, where open fires burned on the red-bricked hearths, and wooden logs were lugged up from a far-away cellar in those square baskets, open at both ends, that are now so rarely seen.

I notice, *Très Cher*, that in her last "Ladies' Kennel Association Notes" Miss Bruce gives our French-bred

Skyles a nice pat on the back (for which—same many thanks, kind lady!), and this reminds me to tell you that the "Special Terrier" Show, which is the autumn event in the dog world over here, takes place at the Porte de Versailles, November 13th and 14th. We of the A.T.E. (*Amateurs des Terriers d'Écosse*) are immensely bucked, since, for the first time on record, the British Ambassador is giving a cup to be won by the best terrier at the show. Ambassadors come and Ambassadors go, but dog shows go on for ever. Some of their Excellencies love dogs—Lord Tyrrell did—but some don't. Sir Eric Phipps is, I am told, in the latter group, but, nevertheless, he gives us a cup and therefore his kindness calls for tail-wags and joyous barks, and these are given him in full measure.

Spinely, our one and only "Spi"—pocket Venus of always—is returning to her *premiers amours* and, between two film contracts at the beginning of November, is appearing at the A.B.C. music-hall in a revue by Rip. The A.B.C. is the best variety house in Paris, and old-timers will know what I mean when I say that it reminds me of the Palace in London in the dear, dull days before the war. One is always sure to find a good programme at the A.B.C., and the only trouble is that it's wise to book

one's seats in advance, since the house is crowded at every performance, and performances are "twice daily." "Trouble" because advance booking really means trouble in Paris, where every box-office is guarded by a mob of pirate ticket-vendors through which one has to fight one's way, and the agencies add on such "overhead" charges that one gets the impression that one is buying an orchestra stall for the opera rather than for a variety show; however... with the pound at a hundred and fifty, who cares?

PRISCILLA.



NINA MARA, OF FRENCH FILM FAME

The picture was taken at one of the recent meetings at Longchamp and the beautiful blonde was looking extremely attractive in a green suit, with a jaunty felt hat to match. Nina Mara, who is a dazzling personality at St. Moritz when there is any skiing going on, is just back from making a picture in America

point of view of a mere sightseer, I am now enjoying the pleasantest days I have yet passed at the Expo. A few October gales and rain-storms have given us elbow-, not to say foot-room, where, until now, the crush has been terrific. Wearing country shoes, an old hat and sensible "mac," a wet day at the Exhibition is not to be sneezed at—or is it? Therefore I warble again: "Rush up, you belated ones, rush up!" There is, alas! a disappointment in store for visitors who know their Paris well and have not been over here for some time. They can weep with us who live here over the passing of Foyot's restaurant. After existing for over a century and a half, this "Temple of Culinary Art," to quote the guide-books, is being pulled down so that the Rue de Vaugirard, in front of the Senate, may be widened. This seems dangerous to me. So many doddering old senators risk getting run over as they cross the present narrow street that it seems to be asking for trouble to go and widen the thoroughfare. The building that shelters Foyot's was erected in 1777, and was then known as the Hotel de Trévillé. After it became "Foyot's," early in the nineteenth century, the first royal client to go there was the future Emperor François-Joseph; the last was Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, who lunched there this summer!



GERMAINE AUSSEY, ALSO OF THE FILMS

Germaine Aussey has returned to Paris for a short holiday after a strenuous season in Hollywood. She it is who changes the colour of her lovely auburn locks as often as she changes her frocks and is reputed to be the best-dressed woman in Paris





MERLE OBERON IN "OVER THE MOON"

The distinguished sprite, who bears the same name as the charming actress, met his queen under the moon, and so perhaps this new London Films Production in Technicolor is a more or less somewhat appropriate medium for the expression of her talent. The script of "Over the Moon" is by Robert Sherwood, and the picture is being directed at London Films, Denham Studios, by William K. Howard. "Over the Moon" is all about a penniless little country girl who falls in love with the local doctor; suddenly comes into a vast fortune; is hunted by the people who would hardly know her when she was poor; and then, in disgust, gives all her money away to the hospitals, returns to an even keel, and marries her doctor. London Films are said to be very pleased with that other new film that Merle Oberon has just finished for them, "The Divorce of Lady X."



# ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

Howes, Courtneidge  
& Co.

HIDE - AND - SEEKERS :  
BOBBY HOWES, PATRICIA  
BURKE, DAVID BURNS,  
CICELY COURTNEIDGE  
AND SOMEBODY ELSE'S  
LEGS



**E**VEN the musical comedies are swinging on the seesaw of time, as though they had plots by Mr. J. B. Priestley. Cicely Courtneidge and Bobby Howes, at the Hippodrome, sway through the years with the greatest of verve, being equally at home in the 1890's and the 1930's. As a pair, they constitute two-thirds of the reason why *Hide and Seek*, after a slow start, quickens into one of the best musical comedies produced in London for years. Miss Courtneidge and Mr. Howes, in 1937, are a pierrot Sally and Tommy, sharing with zest the same songs, misfortunes and ancient overcoat. Which is as it should be in terms of heredity; for Tommy's father was a jockey who rode the Derby winner, owned an Epsom pub and failed to marry Sally's barmaid-mother. Here, in the lining of the ancient overcoat, is an old letter about it all: so they fade us into the Epsom inn on Derby Day, 1890, whereby Mr. Howes is his own father in side-whiskers and racing kit, and Miss Courtneidge is a quite inimitable barlady. Her song-and-dance as Maybelle, the Pick of the Staybelle, is brilliant, grade A period-burlesque. Mr. Howes's grand moment comes later: the jockey's son

in the next generation has escaped to New York after committing mayhem in his search for the usual hidden treasure (in this case a Bond for £1000 in a horseless-carriage company, which father left in the old bar-parlour at Epsom). Hired to work in a roof-cabaret, he must serve the tables while pretending to his newly-arrived Sally that he is no waiter but a customer. Perhaps Charlie Chaplin might have won more laughs from hiding ices in a trouser-pocket, turning the waiter's napkin into a handkerchief, and playing the giddy ghost with trays, oysters and

tablecloths; but no other comedian would have done better than Bobby Howes under the comic but pathetic circumstances.

Pathos is in the comic bones of both partners. A further turn of the wheel in time, and Howes is thrown into the Montana of 1890, where he loves a local cowgirl but must renounce because of his duty to the faraway English barlady. When the barlady by Miss Courtneidge, having arrived just in time to see the love-duet with Another, renounced in her turn and went home by the next stage-coach, I heard an authentic sniff from the schoolgirl in the next seat. Another turn of the wheel, and here they are again in 1937, still chasing the long-lost Bond, now worth





HOWES AND COURTNEIDGE,  
UNLIMITED: (FROM TOP)  
THE DERBY WINNER, THE  
1890 BARLADY, THE COW-  
BOY, THE PIERRETTE,  
THE HIPPODROME TWINS.  
(BOTTOM LEFT) SHEELAGH  
YOUNG, IAN MACLEAN

1,000,000 dollars (which is not so wild a notion, if you recall that somebody who put 500 dollars into Mr. Henry Ford's first horseless-carriages received a million back within twenty years). Well, they duly find and capture the Bond, but only by enticing a gang of gangsters into a chorus number which is as funny as anything the Hippodrome has seen since the handsome but white-haired commissionaire has held the job in its front doorway.

Miss Courtneidge could not have chosen better than to combine with Mr. Howes for a return to the stage which, years ago, she deserted merely for films and the Hulbert circle. In this show the verbal jokes are mostly new and frequently good; but none obtain a louder laugh than her attitude and intonation for saying no more than "Excuse my merriment." As for Mr. Howes, they laugh when he does no more than sit on his hands. If the first-night reports about indifferent material for him were true, then a good deal must have happened since. He now sings, yearns, dances, whistles, juggles, sentimentalises and tries to conjure with highly engaging effect. David Burns is rich and rare as a lovelorn gangster. Patricia Burke is adequate in sprightliness. The tunes by Vivien Ellis are lively and often pungent. The story and lyrics are above par, and so is the production by Jack Hulbert, even though the Russian Ballet influence causes some of his cowboys to cavort like Cossacks.

ALAN BOTT.





AT THE OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW HUNTER TRIALS

It was not quite as dry as a dog-biscuit for these Hunter Trials and Horse and Pony Show at Doghurst Farm, South Nutfield, but they all enjoyed themselves none the less. In the picture are Mr. D. C. Maurice, Mrs. G. A. Block, and Captain and Mrs. G. A. Eastwood; and as our friend, Mr. Sam Marsh, was in charge of all the arrangements, it would have been odd if everything had not gone well

**A**N engaging recent news item is: "Man Eats Crocodile and Dies." If one might say so, the converse is also always true.

Pursuing this gruesome trail, they relate that a boy, after being swallowed by a python, also died. They cut the python open and got him out. This seems to me to have been a waste of good time, even though well-meant, because, as anyone who knows anything at all about pythons is fully aware, these nasty, smellsome snakes are compelled to chew their food before eating it. The way their "chewing" is done is by breaking every bone in their victim's body, then spitting



Bassano

MISS MAY AND MISS VIOLET WILSON, M.F.H., PYTCHLEY WOODLAND

Miss May and Miss Violet Wilson, who are twins, were extremely well-known in the Cottesmore and Quorn countries before they took over the mastership of the Pytchley Woodland when Sir Julien Cahn gave up to go to the Fernie. The new Masters are great enthusiasts and have the former Cottesmore Huntsman, Jim Welch, to hunt hounds for them

## Pictures in the Fire

all over it and swallowing it easy end first. They leave the head and horns outside their mouths, and then lie down, replete and odoriferous, till the heads of their victims rot off. Not liking snakes, having met not a few in my time (both without and with legs), I think a law should be passed making their non-extermination a capital crime.

\* \* \*  
**"The Mystery of Scent: A Practical Contribution to Its Solution for all Hunting People."** By H. B. C. Pollard (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), has been sent to me for review. It may be as well, before proceeding any further, to quote the opening paragraph of the author's preface. He says—

"The object of this book is to suggest a clearer line of thought about the age-old problem of scent. It is in the main a discussion of the relatively complex conditions which control the diffusion of scent, for we only discern scent by its diffusion. The line I have taken is to try to work out a perfectly simple instrument which will tell the hunting man exactly the percentage of chances of scent on any day at any time. It does."

This is downright enough, at any rate, and it has impressed the publishers so much that they are putting Mr. Pollard's "Scentometer" on the market, because they believe that, from the scientific angle, this instrument appears to be foolproof. This is very noble of the publishers, and I hope that they and the inventor reap all the reward for which, doubtless, they hope. Mr. Pollard's "Scentometer," which I have not even seen, appears, as I gather, to be an elaboration of Mr. H. M. Budgett's electric scent indicator or barometer, which was so well and accurately described for us in that excellent book, "Hunting by Scent." Mr. Budgett said: "This machine is intended to be placed on the ground at the kennels, or other exposed site, near the centre of the hunt on grass or plough, according to the prevailing character of the country concerned. It registers the difference in temperature between



Bassano

MISS MARY KENNEDY, M.F.H.

This season Miss Kennedy carries on the mastership of the Ludlow alone, her father, Lieut.-Col. E. D. Kennedy, Master since 1931, having died, to the deep regret of all who knew him. Miss Kennedy joined her father in the mastership in 1936



Hollway

AT THE COURTEENHALL CUBBING FIXTURE OF LORD BURGHLEY'S

Lord Burghley's private pack had a day's cubbing by invitation in the Grafton country at Courteenhall, when this picture was taken. In it are Lord Burghley, Miss Mary Wake, Lady Romaine Cecil, and Sir Hereward Wake, owner of Courteenhall

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# A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER—

YOU may have noticed that every now and then we are favoured with instances of comic relief, for which we should be duly grateful as a pleasing variation from everyday monotony. We have already had an example of this during the current season. Swansea University burst into notoriety by announcing that in future all members of the University would be compelled to turn out for their Alma Mater, if chosen, no matter what other clubs they may have been in the habit of representing. This, of course, was aimed at W. T. H. Davies and H. Tanner,

As a matter of fact, the condition of Welsh Rugby, taken as a whole, is far from satisfactory. The first-class clubs in the Principality are having a lean time, and it is obvious that the smaller organisations have become tired of acting merely as feeders and are much more inclined to keep their best players, when they are able, and do the best they can for themselves. Welsh Rugby has quite enough difficulty already in dealing with the constant losses to the professional clubs in the North, but at the same time one can hardly blame the junior clubs for the attitude which they have adopted. It seems probable, moreover, that this has come to stay,

and from what we hear from the seat of war, there is likely to be much trouble in store for the present governors of the game.

This is scarcely to be wondered at when one reflects on recent events. When, two years ago, Wales secured the Championship and was the first country to beat the New Zealanders, it did appear as if she might regain more of her old prestige, but last season's *débâcle* once more shattered the hopes of the Welsh enthusiasts. So far from carrying off Championship honours, she proceeded to lose all three of her matches, and therefore secured a distinguished position at the foot of the table. It is true that her game with England was lost only by a dropped goal to a try, but there is no question that the Welsh forwards gave a most disappointing display.



## GLOUCESTER, WHO BEAT BEDFORD

After some real good hard rugger, with the vanquished fighting their weight all the way, Gloucester won 9 to 5 at Bedford and deserved their success, for they were the more polished side. They played only fourteen men most of the way, as MacColville was injured.

The names in the above group are (l. to r., standing): F. Abby, F. Walden, J. G. A. Bear, W. A. MacColville, W. Barrow, Dr. Dick, G. Mabbett, —, Mustoe, and R. A. Carter; (sitting) J. H. Brown, R. H. Watkins, C. Harris, H. Broughton (captain), D. Meadows, C. C. Tanner, and W. H. Hopkins; (on ground) W. H. Dibden and E. Day.

and probably also G. J. Jenkins, a promising wing three-quarter, though not yet an international. Naturally, this startling edict issued by an undergraduate committee created a great sensation, but the public have since been warned by a higher authority not to take too much notice of it. At any rate, the three gentlemen I have mentioned have continued to represent the Swansea club without incurring any serious penalty, and no one ever expected any other result.

It must have been a young and very inexperienced committee which embarked on such high-handed action. One can understand their desire to include their star players, but it was a little too much to expect the latter to give up their usual programme. The undergraduate committee, I am afraid, only created amusement by saying that they merely wished to imitate the older foundations by compelling all members to regard their University as having first claim upon them. There are many points of difference between, say, Oxford and Cambridge and Swansea University, but at the moment it will suffice to point out that the standard of play is somewhat different, and it is absurd to expect seasoned internationals to go back to junior football. Meanwhile, we understand that the University at Swansea is not as popular in the town as it was.



Photos: Crisp

## THE BEDFORD SIDE AND SUPPORTERS

Bedford were beaten but not disgraced in the tussle on their own ground v. Gloucester, and were only compelled to strike their flag to a better team.

The names in the group are (standing): —, Newton (touch judge), T. D. Thurnard, D. B. Coleman, R. B. Black, I. G. Rogers, J. O'B. Power, C. A. Joy, T. Thomas, G. E. Benyon (referee), and E. M. King (Hon. Sec.); (sitting) R. D. Perkins, R. Willsher, Q. V. Bevan, W. A. Sime, R. Eidsforth, V. J. Lytle, and G. T. Dancer; (on ground) E. H. Grieve and —, Moore.

Then Scotland went to Swansea and won a much more decisive victory by two goals and a try to two tries. This was by no means unexpected, though doubtless the local enthusiasts were shaken to the core. The Welsh selectors, who are never very highly regarded, had excelled themselves, and had elected, for some unknown reason, to take the field without Vivian Jenkins, Claude Davey, and W. T. H. Davies, a handicap which had the almost inevitable result.

The Ireland match had to be postponed, but when it was at length played it was found that Jenkins was still out of favour, but that Davey had been restored to the captaincy and that Davies was in his usual place. A close game resulted which Ireland deservedly won by a goal to a penalty goal.

(Continued on page xxviii)





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Swaebe

## A QUIET CORNER AT HILBOROUGH HALL, SUFFOLK

Mrs. Betty Mills is seen with some four-legged companions making the most of the autumn sunshine. The cart-colts, one notices, are not of the local breed, which is the clean-legged Suffolk Punch, so successful on the light soils of East Anglia. The Pekingese is adopting the manner of an ardent horse-connoisseur, but the old black dawg seems faintly bored and hinting gently that it is nearly time for tea

**A**T a Scripture class the teacher had been telling the story of the Prodigal Son. At the end of the narrative she said: "And the son returned, and the father was so glad to have him safe and sound again that he killed the fatted calf in his honour." She then asked if any member of the class could tell a similar story from his or her own experience.

One small boy got up and announced:

"My brother ran away from home, Miss, and went a long way off, and after a long time he came back home."

"And," said the teacher, "I suppose your father killed the fatted calf for him?"

"Oh, no, Miss," replied the boy, "but he half-killed the prodigal son."

\* \* \*

**I**t was a full 300 yards to the first green. The golfer took a healthy swing. The ball whistled down the fairway and landed on the green—just a few feet from the cup.

The golfer and his caddie walked up to the ball. A light tap with the putter sent the ball straight into the hole. He then drove the ball for the second hole. This time it landed on the green, rolled up to the hole—and disappeared inside.

The golfer looked at his caddie.

"A hole in one," he remarked proudly.

The caddie nodded.

"You're improving," he admitted.

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

**A** competition enthusiast was bemoaning his hard luck with his football coupon.

"Just one goal beat me for a week's wages," he said gloomily to his wife, "and the centre-

forward had the goal at his mercy in the last minute of the game, but the ball went over the bar."

"Never mind," said his wife, "I expect the extra week's wages would have gone just the same way."

\* \* \*

"**H**ow I wish," sighed one wife to another, "that my husband always lived up to the promises of his courtship days!"

"Oh, mine does," replied the other, airily. "He said in those days that he wasn't good enough for me, and he's still proving it."

\* \* \*

**M**rs. Brown was reading a letter at the breakfast table, and suddenly she looked up suspiciously at her husband.

"George," she said, "I've just received a letter from mother saying she is not accepting our invitation to stay with us, and saying we do not appear to want her. What does she mean by that, do you think? I asked you to write and tell her to come at her own convenience. You did write to her, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I wrote to her," replied George, "but—er—I couldn't spell 'convenience,' so I made it 'risk.'"



Minton

## THE WHITE HORSE: A WAVE EFFECT NEAR WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND

A curious effect, strikingly resembling the outline of a horse, is caught in this photograph of the long Pacific swell running in on the rocks near Wellington, N.Z. It recalls Rudyard Kipling's verse, "White Horses": "... some stallion, rearing swift—Neighs, hungry for new fodder, and calls us to the drift."





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## AT A RECENT CROWDED PRIVATE VIEW IN BOND STREET



AT TOOTH'S GALLERY: LADY OXFORD  
AND MRS. ST. JOHN HUTCHINSON



LADY BONHAM-CARTER WITH MRS. OWEN  
ST. CLAIR O'MALLEY (ANNE BRIDGE)



M. JACQUES-EMILE BLANCHE, THE  
ARTIST, AND LADY D'ABERNON



MR. DUDLEY TOOTH WITH  
MRS. EVERARD GATES



H.E. BARON FRANCKENSTEIN  
AND MRS. GLADWYN JEBB



COLONEL ARMSTRONG AND LADY  
MALCOLM OF PONTALLOCH

These photographs were taken at a recent occasion of great moment in artistic circles—the private view at Tooth's Galleries of M. Jacques-Emile Blanche's exhibition. This famous Frenchman, known far and wide by reason of his brilliant brush and sympathetic personality, has just published "Portraits of a Lifetime," which is being eagerly read. He is seen here talking to Lady D'Abernon, who for many years played a prominent rôle in London society as Lady Helen Vincent. Her husband, British Ambassador to Germany in the important early post-war years, is a Trustee both of the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery. Lady (Edgar) Bonham-Carter, the former Miss Charlotte Ogilvy, had a talk at the exhibition to Mrs. Owen O'Malley, who, as Anne Bridge, writes such delightful novels; "Enchanter's-Nightshade," her successor to "Illyrian Spring," is due shortly. Mr. O'Malley was recently appointed British Minister in Mexico. Lady Oxford, complete with muff, foregathered with the wife of a leading K.C. during a grand tour, and Mrs. Everard Gates talked art with Mr. Dudley Tooth, who inherits the family eye for pictures. The Austrian Minister and Sir George Noble's niece faced the camera together. Lady Malcolm, just back from Paris, was another noted private viewer





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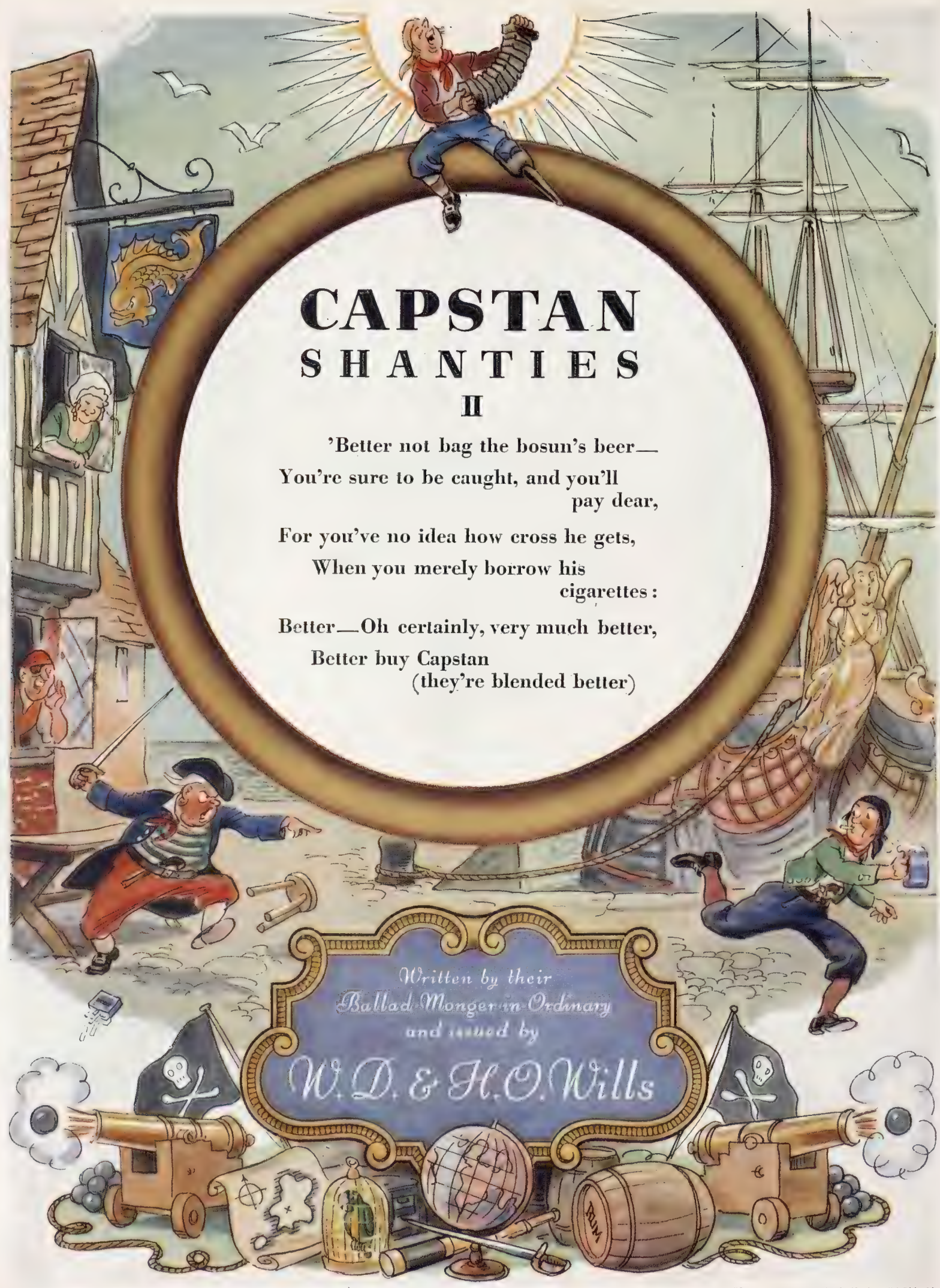
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# CAPSTAN SHANTIES

## II

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pay dear,  
For you've no idea how cross he gets,  
When you merely borrow his  
cigarettes :  
Better—Oh certainly, very much better,  
Better buy Capstan  
(they're blended better)

*Written by their  
Ballad-Monger-in-Ordinary  
and issued by*

*W.D. & H.O. Wills*



# DOINGS BY NIGHT

# AT THE RITZ



THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN  
WITH CAPTAIN SOLDATENKOV



LORD AND LADY  
SHREWSBURY



THELMA, LADY FURNESS, AND THE  
MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN



MR. ANTHONY PELISSIER WITH  
MISS FRANCES DAY



MRS. GLORIA VANDERBILT  
AND MR. WEISSMAN



THE HON. MRS. MORTON WEIR  
AND PRINCE AXEL OF DENMARK



MISS MARGHARETTA SCOTT  
AND LORD DUNCANNON

Above are a number of people met to "chase the glowing hours with flying feet" at the famous Piccadilly rendezvous. Lady Milford Haven, the former Countess Nadejda de Torby, was with a compatriot, Captain Soldatenkov, who was in the Imperial Guard in Russia's less deadly days. Her husband is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. Lady Shrewsbury's wedding was one of the important social occasions of 1936. She was Miss Nadine Crofton-Atkins; her husband is Premier Earl of England. Mr. Anthony Pelissier is the son of Fay Compton and the inimitable and immortal Pelissier of "The Follies"; his companion in the picture, Miss Frances Day, is one of our leading musical-comedy actresses of to-day. Prince Axel of Denmark is a first cousin of King Christian of Denmark; he married Princess Margaretha of Sweden in 1919. Mme. Hansenclever-Piel is a very attractive visitor who hails from Amsterdam



MME. HANSENCLEVER-PIEL  
WITH MR. G. MITCHELL





STILL BREAKING RECORDS!  
JEAN BATTEN

Jean Batten, the young New Zealander who has so many remarkable flights to her credit, knocked 14 hrs. 10 min. off the record for the trip from Australia to England, her time being 5 days 18 hrs. 10 min. She now holds the record in both directions

#### What Next?

**T**HOSE who see in aeronautical development nothing more than a puppy dog chasing its own tail; who believe that the aircraft type is fixed and that all we can hope for in the future is minor modification and detail development, should take note of two events of the past three weeks. They are Mr. Hafner's lecture before the Royal Aeronautical Society, which I mentioned in an earlier article, and the published results of the work done by General Aircraft on tricycle under-carriages at Hanworth. Hafner's "towering" take-off—a name which distinguishes it admirably from the "jump" take-off which is done by the autogiro—has been one of the chief subjects of conversation at aerodromes lately, and when people have realised that, in the towering take-off, the pilot controls the machine all the way up, they have suddenly shown signs of being converted to moving-wing flight. Mr. Hafner has added what may prove a crucial improvement to the brilliant achievements of the late Señor Don Juan de la Cierva.

Let me try to put shortly what the Hafner gyroplane does which the autogiro does not do. It makes its vertical or near-vertical ascents and

## AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

descents under control of the pilot. It is true that the pilot cannot go on ascending vertically for an indefinite period, but, provided he appreciates the limitations to the amount of energy which can be stored in the rotor prior to the take-off and keeps within them, he can increase or decrease the steepness of his ascent, and turn it from towering to normal flight at any moment he likes. In the autogiro's jump take-off, on the other hand, the pilot deliberately abandons control for a few seconds while the jump is taking place, and he resumes it at the top of the jump, with the machine in a nose-down attitude. Now, other things being equal, it is better to retain a measure of control all the time. Consequently the towering take-off appears more attractive than the jump take-off, and it may be so big an improvement as to give the moving-wing aircraft just the fillip it needed to bring it into the popular private ownership class.

#### Performance.

**N**othing can hold the Hafner gyroplane back unless it be feeble performance. On this there is as yet insufficient data to form a safe opinion. Certainly up to the present, moving-wing aircraft have performed less well than fixed-wing aircraft. But the Hafner seems to have a lighter rotor, possibly as a result of the use of tie-rods to hold the blades to the hub, and it may show adequate speed and weight-lifting capacity. If it does, it should turn into a really attractive machine, with the fullest possible control, vertical take-off and landing, an almost perfect outlook and a high degree of operating adaptability. So I still stick to the predictions I originally made in "Aeolus, or the Future of the Flying Machine," predictions of many years ago, which were supported in every particular by Mr. Hafner during his paper.

In thus welcoming the Hafner to the fold, however, we must not forget that it was the autogiro that bore the heat and burden of the day and that forced people who had never done so before to accept rotating-wing flight as a promising possibility. Mr. Hafner would never have had his chance to develop his special blade-mounting and system of control, had not the autogiro first of all shown that rotating-wing flight possessed practical value. It was twelve years ago that I went down to Farnborough and saw Captain Frank Courtney fly the first autogiro to perform in this

country. They started the rotor like a top, by winding a cord round a spool formed on the shaft and pulling on the cord. Afterwards Señor de la Cierva met set-back after set-back, but he did not waver. By the sheer force of his genius he overcame all obstacles, and whenever people began to think that the autogiro had shot its bolt, he would produce from that amazing brain of his a new idea. Before his death his last new idea was his most brilliant, the jump take-off, which was demonstrated at Hounslow Heath. It was a tragic irony indeed that Cierva, who had worked so hard to making flying safe, should himself be the victim of an air accident, and when I went down to Croydon on that foggy morning and, looking at the wreckage of the air liner

(Continued on page ii)



A VICTIM OF MISFORTUNE: JIM BROADBENT

Jim Broadbent, in his attempt to lower the record from England to Australia, ran out of "juice" and had to come down in Mesopotamia. Not being able to produce the Arab word for "petrol" and the local villagers being anything but bright, he lost so much time that he had to give up the attempt. It was his record that Jean Batten broke



SWISS AIR PILOTS ON A VISIT TO SOUTHAMPTON

While on a tour of Southern airports, a party of Swiss Air Lines pilots arrived at Southampton in one of the Company's twenty-one-seater Douglas D.C.3 air-liners. They were greeted by Councillor R. J. Stranger (chairman of the Airport Committee) and Mr. L. F. Payne (Airport manager).

In the picture, are: Mr. L. F. Payne, Mr. Schaaf (radio operator), Mr. Nicole, Mr. Bernhard, Mr. Borner, Councillor R. J. Stranger, Mr. Heitmanek, Mr. Zimmermann and Captain Ackermann



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# GRANULE OF DRAMA

By

J. GEOFFREY STEWART

AS Barbara Maitland passed through the swing-doors of the restaurant in Piccadilly Circus she felt her blood tingle at the approach of her zero hour. What was she like, this adversary with whom she had come to cross swords?

She glanced quickly round the crowded lounge and her eyes rested on a lissom, neatly-dressed girl sitting alone at a small table in the far corner from the door. Yes, that was Judith, without doubt. She went over and sat down on the green and chromium chair opposite her, and ordered a dry Martini.

The girl—she can scarcely be more than twenty-two, Barbara thought—glanced up and looked away again. Barbara was rather disturbed. She did not like those slumbrous brown eyes; there was a tenacity of purpose at the back of them—a resolution.

She sipped the velvet coolness of her cocktail slowly, thoughtfully, letting her eyes run over the girl. . . . Good figure, taste in dress, intelligent-looking; just the type to appeal to Kenneth. I wonder who made her hat? It's ravishing.

Suddenly she spoke: "You must excuse me, but I believe I'm addressing Miss Manners—Judith Manners?"

Judith cast a swift, appraising glance at her interrogator. She smiled and asked: "You have the advantage?"

Barbara returned the smile and answered casually: "I am Barbara Maitland, Kenneth's wife."

Judith's fingers stiffened round the stem of her glass, her eyes sauced with surprise: but only for an instant.

Barbara said: "But don't be alarmed. I'm not going to cause a scene."

Judith retorted coolly: "I'm not. But you must admit it is rather unexpected."

Her voice was low and pleasant, Barbara noted subconsciously, while marvelling at her sangfroid.

"I suppose so. I believe you are rather fond of Kenneth."

"You seem to know all about it. Has he told you?" There was an eagerness in the question.

"Oh, no! Kenneth hasn't quite the initiative for that."

"How can you say that?" Judith demanded. Little flecks of light livened her eyes.

Barbara smiled. Perhaps her tactics would prevail yet. She had been really afraid of finding the hard, metallic type who knew just what she wanted and would ignore everything in the pursuit. This girl, this enthusiastic graduate of the R.A.D.A., was a hero-worshipper at the altar of Kenneth Maitland, the greatest actor in the West End.

"Well—I've been married to him for twelve years," she replied.

"And now you're tired of him?"

Barbara laughed. "Tired! I love him a thousand times more than I did when I became engaged to him."

"And yet you can say that of him?" Judith flared in defence.

"One learns to love a man's weaknesses. They all have them, you know."

Judith studied her in silence. She was puzzled by this wife of Kenneth's; and surprised to find her youthful; though she must be thirty-five, at least. Kenneth was forty.



Kenneth and Judith greeted each other stiffly. The situation was admittedly difficult

Dudley Teoman

"Why have you come to see me? How did you know I'd be here?" she demanded.

"Oh, I heard Kenneth call you to wait here for him in case he could make it. I'm afraid he won't, however." Barbara smiled. "And why? Well, I had a natural curiosity to see the woman who had caused him to write so many cheques to the jewellers. That bracelet came from him, didn't it?"

"So you've been looking through his cheque-book?"

"Why not, if he leaves it lying about? Our glasses are empty. Sherry for you?"

Judith was undecided for a moment. Did one drink with one's lover's wife?

"Please," she capitulated.

Barbara gave the order, then asked: "And where's it all leading?"

Quickly came the reply: "I want you to give Kenneth a divorce."

Although she had been prepared for this, the crudity, the harshness of the spoken words were like a slap in the face. The two women faced each other over the green-topped table, steadily, calculatingly. The throwing down of the gauntlet had jerked them into a momentary rigidity: a fleeting moment during which something primitive shot from each woman's eyes to the other's.

"I see," Barbara breathed. "And Kenneth?—thank you, waiter."

"We have discussed it. He wants a divorce."

The older woman realised that Judith was speaking the truth. She hadn't been a moment too soon, it appeared. She seized the danger in both hands. (Continued on page 230)





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Silver Fox face for trimming and Fox 'brush' collar  
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## GRANULE OF DRAMA—(Continued from page 228)

"This needs discussing. Will you dine with me—us—to-night?"

"Dine with you?" Judith pondered a short moment. "It would be interesting. You're very cool, Mrs. Maitland."

"I sometimes have to be. At eight, then? You know the address?"

"Yes. At eight."

Barbara had recovered from the nervous exhaustion she had felt on leaving Judith. She looked forward with a kind of zest to the evening's entertainment: for entertainment it would be. Then she frowned at her reflection in the mirror as she considered the flaw in her strategy. She could cure Judith, but in doing so she might entirely forfeit Kenneth's love—the love she knew he still had for her. But he was at that age when an infatuation, unless pulled up sharply, was liable to run away with him. And women had always made it easy for Kenneth. It is difficult to be a popular actor, romantic-looking and financially successful and not attract many women: from autograph-collectors to jewellery-collectors. That Kenneth had remained faithful all those years was proof enough of his love. But it had shocked her to learn that they had discussed divorce. Suppose Kenneth were really in love with—no, really loved, this girl? Her plan might drive them into each other's arms? Well . . . they appeared to be headed that way in any case. Except that Judith was in love with Kenneth, the actor. . . . And in that lay Barbara's strength.

She did not inform her husband that Judith was coming to dinner until just ten minutes to eight. He'd better have ten minutes to collect his wits, she thought.

He stared down at her from his romantic height, his grey eyes wide. His hand, lean and brown, curved through the faintly grey-flecked hair.

"But my dear Babs—you don't know what you're doing: you don't know what you're doing."

He strode to the other side of the room and back again.

"What *are* you going to do?" he boomed. "What are you going to do?"

"Nothing at all, darling. Everything will be as usual," Barbara smiled.

"D'you know I love—Judith?"

"I know you think you do. To-night will prove several things."

"You've some trick up your sleeve. Yes—you've some trick up your sleeve. What is it?"

"Oh, I'm not going to do a Grand Guignol, Snooty."

"I'm not staying for dinner. It would be devastating—devastating. You're up to something."

"You surely wouldn't desert Judith?"

He pushed his hands into his jacket pockets, and scowled at the window.

"No. I couldn't. Look here, I'm not dressed. You might have told me sooner."

"You don't need to be. This is going to be a very ordinary evening, Snooty." She crossed over to the door. "I think this will be Judith. Remember, darling, a very ordinary evening."

Kenneth and Judith greeted each other stiffly. The situation was admittedly difficult. Barbara thanked Judith effusively for not backing out.

"I was curious," she replied.

"I thought you would be."

"What's going to happen? Have you any idea, Kenneth?"

"Not the vaguest—not the vaguest."

"As I've already told Snooty, just nothing."

"'Snooty'!" Judith laughed. "Heavens above, my grand-dad's parrot!"

"Just my pet name for him, my dear."

"But Snooty—" and Judith laughed again.

"Really, Barbara, there is no need—no need at all."

"Why—whatever's the matter? I've called you Snooty for more years than I like to brood over and never a word of complaint till now. However, dinner's ready."

During the meal, Barbara confined the conversation to Kenneth's next play, the rehearsals for which were starting in the following week. Barbara expressed some surprise at Judith not having a part in it.

"I thought—" she tailed off.

"Well, Kenneth doesn't have control

of the casting. But there really isn't a suitable part in it for me. Is there, Snooty? Oh, heavens! I've said it!"

She smothered a laugh. "I'm sorry, Kenneth, but it's been nagging me ever since I heard it. I had to say it."

(Continued on page xvi)



Angus McBean

## IN "CREST OF THE WAVE": DOROTHY DICKSON

Dorothy Dickson is one of the public's long-established favourites and her present show looks like furthering her career for a considerable period. She is playing opposite Ivor Novello in his "Crest of the Wave," which is filling Drury Lane. Marie Löhr is another of the "bright particular stars" of this production



# This England . . .



*Firle Beacon and Village of Alfriston—Sussex.*



A NOBLE ancestry is only of value if it confers upon the present heirs those qualities of good-breeding that are expected of such descent . . . "The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." The English have an instinct for breeding well, as they have for commerce (are they not, indeed, stock-breeders to the world?). And hand in hand with it there goes—must go—a strong sense of tradition, that pervades even the daily routine. Your Worthington has a long and honourable ancestry—yet its golden richness is as pure to-day as when it was first entered in the stud-book of good English things.





AT THE UNITED ASSOCIATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE BANQUET

A group taken at this annual function, which was held last week at Claridge's and at which Vice-Admiral Durand-Viel, late Chief of the General Staff of the French Navy, was the guest of honour, and the Earl of Derby chairman. The French Ambassador was also present. The gathering was something like a biggest on record, which may or may not have any significance. In the above group the names of those in front are, reading from left to right: Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, H.E. M. Charles Corbin, the French Ambassador, Vice-Admiral Durand-Viel, the Earl of Derby, and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, the First Sea Lord

## Selling by Service.

**M**ALICIOUSLY it was said of Frank Harris by Oscar Wilde that he was received in all the best houses—once. Similarly, the motor-car with the brilliant specification but no service qualities is bought by all the enthusiasts—once. It is the specification—the design and workmanship, the performance—that sells the car in the first place, but it is the efficiency with which the car can subsequently be serviced that sells it again and again. Earl's Court this year testified to the progress that has been made in service, but there is still an idea abroad that modern owners of modern cars spend their week-ends crawling about with grease-guns, barked knuckles and a blistering temper. There is a proportion of owners who enjoy looking after their own cars, doing maintenance and minor repairs with

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

their own hands; but there is also a proportion of owners who detest doing anything except get in and get out and drive. And inasmuch as the first type of owner frequently develops into the second type with the passage of time, it is important to cater for both.

Service equipment has improved vastly, and some of the new garages

are marvellously good at looking after your car. I had an example of this at Mr. Dyer's enormous new Olympia garage, which is opposite the Olympia side entrance of Addison Road Station. Cars garaged there

are looked over at frequent intervals, and such things as oil-levels and condition, tyre-pressures and windscreen cleanliness are attended to as a matter of routine within the normal garaging contract. Moreover, the washing and greasing equipment enables this work to be done quickly and well. But it still remains true that the servicing qualities of a motor-car are largely built into it by the makers, and that no amount of ingenuity in the servicing equipment will ever entirely make up for cry-baby car design—design, that is, that is constantly calling for little attentions.

## Maintenance Intervals.

**A** glance at the average maintenance chart fills one with depression. There are so many things to be done and at such odd intervals of mileage or time. So most people throw the chart away and turn the car over to a properly equipped garage when the thought occurs to them. Many cars will survive this treatment, but few

(Contd. on p. 234)



ENG. VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HAROLD BROWN AND GROUP CAPTAIN EMONDS

At dinner at the White City before the demonstration of anti-aircraft defence measures, which are being shown all over England. Group Captain Emonds is attached to the Air Ministry and is, of course, peculiarly interested in this matter



BRIG.-GENERAL A. C. CRITCHLEY AND BRIG.-GENERAL A. G. C. DAWNAY

Also at the White City for the anti-aircraft defence demonstrations, which this country is now taking quite seriously. Brigadier-General A. G. C. Dawnay is the recently appointed Director of Public Relations at the War Office





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**DRY**  
THE *Matured* GIN



## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 232

cars will give the best results under it. Yet it is the treatment for which, in my view, they should be designed. People said to me this year at Earls Court: "Car design has gone so far that there is really nothing more to be done. We have reached the limit." Yet my own opinion is that we are only just starting. First of all, there must be an effort to clean up servicing by designing cars to run for long periods without maintenance work other than washing. And when the maintenance is done it should be made possible to lump it all together.

After the car designed from a service angle has appeared, we have still many developments to look forward to in other directions. I feel certain that the stressed body must eventually oust the body that sits on top of a sort of metal bedstead. It is wasteful of material to provide two separate components to do two separate jobs when one component could be devised to do them both. In some of the cars, notably the Vauxhall 10, we see the trend beginning, and we may expect in the future to see it reaffirmed. Body shape will have to alter to enable the fullest use to be made of the integral chassis-body, and one of the most fascinating problems of the present moment is to try to envisage how it will alter. Then there is the use of plastic transparencies for shaped wind-screens and windows; the abolition from the driving compartment of levers sticking up from the floor; the reduction of weight; the use of variable carburation (see again the Vauxhall 10); and the cleaning up of exterior appearance and the suppression of bumps, knobs, handles and other odd bits and pieces.

Increase.

Meanwhile the increase in car sales continues. The Morris people told me that, for the first seven weeks of the new season, their sales showed an increase of more than 52 per cent. over the same period last year. Overhead valves are evidently on top in two senses, for, as I mentioned when

they were introduced, the Series III models, which are of 10 h.p., 12 h.p., 14 h.p. and 25 h.p., all have overhead-valve engines. The 8 h.p. car remains as a Series II model. The M.G.s still contrive to keep sports car appeal nicely wrapped up in greaseproof paper, and on their stand at Earls Court the cut-away chassis was the centre of a knot of people every time I passed it or looked down at it from the first floor. The number of times the purpose of the cables to the front axle was explained would have pleased Sir James Jeans.

Earls Court certainly outdid Olympia in the richness and variety of the entirely unfounded stories to which it gave rise. But the one about the Wolseley workman who came down to Earls Court, went to the Wolseley stand and discomfited certain representatives there assembled by asking awkward questions about manufacturing processes, had some slight foundation in fact, for a party of hundreds of Wolseley workpeople was actually invited down there by the company, and some of them did insist on having bonnets lifted and on inspecting their own work.

Then there was the one about the two men who argued about the best way of getting into Earls Court without paying and without having a ticket. The argument was started by Lord Nuffield's famous entry. Lord Nuffield had forgotten his ticket, so he paid 5s. One of the men,

a Scotsman, said that he ought to have mentioned his name and that *anybody* who murmured the words "Lord Nuffield" could go straight in without paying. The other said that, on the contrary, the way to get in free was to assume "utter insignificance." When the first one walked up to one of the doormen and pronounced the magic words, "Lord Nuffield," the doorman looked at him, made some terse remark about "trying things on," and threw him out. The other man put on a pair of dirty overalls, borrowed a pair of steps from somewhere in Philbeach Gardens, stuck half a cigarette in his mouth, and walked straight in. There is no passport more efficacious than a pair of steps.



AT THE MOTOR SHOW: A THRUPP AND MABERLY  
FOUR-DOOR SALOON

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## Air Eddies—continued from p. 226

in which he had been travelling, piled against the houses, I wondered whether he had indeed died in that accident or whether he was destined to live on in the practical application of moving wing flight. To-day I believe that his fame is secure so long as aviation lasts.

## Tricycle Undercarriages

For the short-distance machine and for the private machine moving wing flight must come; but what of the fixed wing machines? The other day I discussed critically the tricycle undercarriage, in which the machine lands more or less in flying position, sinking on to the ground instead of approaching the ground tangentially, and sits down on three wheels, one in front and two at the sides. Since then I have had the opportunity of discussing with the chief engineer of General Aircraft the experiments he has been conducting with this form of undercarriage at Hanworth in a Monospar. And my prejudice against this type of undercarriage is wavering. I told you before that the Douglas company has adopted the tricycle undercarriage for their latest air liner and that it is already in use in a number of small machines in America. But somehow those Monospar experiments are more convincing than anything else.

With its tricycle chassis—but without wing flaps or slotted flaps—the Monospar has been landed safely by a person who had never previously landed an aeroplane; it has been landed hands-off and it has been landed by a pioneer pilot who, some years ago, made the vow that he would never fly again unless some new invention were produced to



PRINCESS THERESA OF THURN AND TAXIS AS AN AIR HOSTESS

Princess Theresa is a linguist of very considerable attainments, and is working as an air hostess on the Czecho-Slovakian State Air Lines between Brussels and Prague. In deference to the Czechs' republican feelings, she works under the name of Teresie Turn-Taxiseva. She is seen here with three actors of the Prague National Theatre

make landing much easier. The tricycle undercarriage does indisputably make landing easier. Moreover, and this is of the highest importance, it should enable blind landings to be made in safety provided the machine has first of all been brought over the landing area by radio. The idea is not entirely new—what idea is? But the present application is in effect a new development and if the tricycle ousts the bicycle undercarriage, it will bring about the biggest change in flying technique that has yet occurred.

## Cinque Ports Club

The other week the Marquess of Willingdon, who is President of the Cinque Ports Flying Club, visited the Club together with Lady Willingdon and they were shown round the new workshops, and afterwards stayed to tea. Portraits of Lord and Lady Willingdon have since been forwarded to the Club and are to be hung in the lounge.

## Air Commerce

Air Commerce have been active lately and their machines have been operating under all conditions; but the strangest charter must have been one that came from Mr. Erismann-Schinz, who required an aeroplane to carry three wrist-watches up to a considerable height so that they could be dropped. The watches proved their unbreakableness by being picked up after this unkind treatment, still ticking.

A unique map of London and the Home Counties has just been issued by The Automobile Association to meet the needs of those who combine golf with motoring. The roads to 324 golf clubs within a 50-mile radius of London are clearly shown.

# The Newest Exhilaration from PARIS



From a painting by Jean Gabriel Domergue

**Féerie** is the latest achievement of Rigaud to meet the modern woman's wish for perfume of infinite elusiveness and delicacy.

Parfum

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DEAUVILLE
BERKELEY SQUARE

PATRICIAN
HAMPTON COURT

Community designs have that enduring beauty which is the mark of true craftsmanship, and you may rest assured that they will remain satisfying to the eye throughout their long life. May we suggest that you write to the address below for a very full and illustrated catalogue, newly published this year, together with an interesting booklet by Elizabeth Craig on the modern way of setting the table.

**COMMUNITY PLATE**

*At all Leading Silversmiths*

BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., 264, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. & SHEFFIELD 6





A great woman has created a great masterpiece. The woman is Helena Rubinstein. The masterpiece is her new Beautilift Masque.

This latest addition to her famous Salon Mask Treatments adapted for home use is an expression of Helena Rubinstein's genius at its height. It answers every woman's beauty problems no matter what her age, colouring or type.

The woman with an unruly chin who has allowed her face and contour to relax will bless Helena Rubinstein for creating her new Beautilift Masque. The younger woman who wants her skin to retain that "early morning" freshness, that radiant look of youth, will thank Madame Rubinstein for making it possible.

The new Beautilift Masque, the only mask that benefits throat and face at the same time, is as unique in form as it is in function. It consists of a specially treated pink silk mask and a youthifying, tightening lotion. Dipped into the Beautilift Lotion and fitted snugly over face and throat, it lifts sagging contours upward and youthward. Expression lines from nose to chin and forehead to temples are slowly, surely ironed out. Your face is remoulded to young, clear-cut lines, and your skin regains the fine texture, the petal-smoothness and radiant glow of first youth. There is no quicker, more efficacious treatment for retaining youth!

Wear the Beautilift Masque before dinner, in the bath, whenever you have leisure during the day, or before you retire at night. And stay young! Beautilift Masque, Lotion and protective headband, 1½ gns.

### VISIT THE MAYFAIR SALON

Here a whole world of new ideas in beauty awaits you. Here you may have the exclusive Electro-Tonic Treatments which surpass anything yet discovered for rejuvenating the face and throat. They "lift" tired lines from young faces and character lines from mature ones. Hollows or puffiness beneath the eyes, wrinkled eyelids, shrivelled throats or double chins yield amazingly to these most remarkable treatments.

You may also have an individualised Beauty Lesson and Treatment suited to the needs of your skin. It costs only 12'6 and gives you knowledge of scientific home beauty care and clever make-up of lifetime benefit. Moles, warts, veins and superfluous hair are permanently removed. Telephone Regent 5232 for an appointment and come in for a complimentary consultation on your beauty problems. If you cannot call, write for advice on home beauty care.

Helena Rubinstein's new book "This Way to Beauty" is a mine of beauty news. Charts, diagrams, facts on diet, exercise, make-up—all you want to know about beauty. On sale at book shops and at the Salon, 5'.

# helena rubinstein

ltd.

PARIS NEW YORK 24 GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1 MILAN VIENNA

ALL THE HELENA RUBINSTEIN PREPARATIONS ARE ON SALE AT THE BEST SHOPS





# The Highway of Fashion

By  
M. E. BROOKE

WARMLY to be congratulated are Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh, for having assembled in their salons hats that represent the very last words in the story of fashion and are also flattering. It is in the cold weather when east winds are blowing that women need something which will help their faces. Silver fox is used to increase the charm of many of the hats, two of which are seen on this page. The model above is of black felt relieved with silver fox; the graceful roll of the brim is by no means the least of its many attractions. Artistic in the extreme is the affair below, which is practically entirely composed of fox. In striking contrast to these lovely affairs is the felt hat seen on the right, of which one may become the possessor for a guinea. It is available in all the accepted shades



ALREADY Jenners are thinking in terms of Christmas presents, and suggest that nothing is more welcome than silk stockings. They have heavy-weight plain ones, all silk from top to toe, with a fine gauge appearance for 8s. 11d.; they do indeed wash and wear remarkably well. Again there are the "staddulls" in fifty-one gauge pure silk with a perfectly tailored fitting for 4s. 11d. For the same price there are medium-weight stockings with lisle foot and lisle garter top. Furthermore, of gloves there is an infinite variety, those of velvet grain cape leather with elastic at the wrists being 8s. 9d. There are also luxurious gloves with curly fur angora gauntlets for 18s. 9d.

Pictures by Blake



*Isobel*

CREATOR OF THE FINEST FURS IN LONDON

70, GROSVENOR ST., W.1  
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(Only Addresses)





# COUNTRY CLOTHES

Where smartness is  
allied to warmth

**D**ISTINCTION may be achieved by wearing the Twomax tailored knitted tweed suits and their companions. They are represented practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced application must be made to McClure and McIntosh, 183, Rutherglen Road, Glasgow, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. At the top of the page is an opalescent heather mixture coat and skirt; it really is a knitted tweed which has been tailored. The pockets are stitched and there is a touch of velvet on the collar. Not only may this suit stand by itself, but it can be worn with a fur or other wrap-coat; this will have no deleterious effect upon it. Every woman needs the accessory on the right, which is a tailored waistcoat with long sleeves and pockets, the scheme being completed with a canary yellow scarf that is in harmony with the colour of the waistcoat, which is haw red. Another accessory can be worn as a jumper or jerkin



Pictures by Blake

# MAPPIN CLOCKS

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EXAMPLES  
OF THE  
MODERN TREND  
IN  
DESIGN

You will be  
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at any of our  
London Showrooms

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Bronze Frame, with Smoked Glass,  
10 x 9 ins. ... £16 16 0

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Bronze and Gilt Frame, with Smoked  
Glass, 8 x 7 ins. ... £11 10 0

C710  
Bronze with Amethyst Glass,  
5 x 8½ ins. ... £9 15 0

C714  
Gilt Frame with Smoked Glass,  
8 x 6½ ins. £12 10 0

C711  
Gilt Frame with Blue Glass,  
6 x 8½ ins. ... £11 10 0

C712  
Bronze Frame with Amethyst Glass,  
7½ x 6 ins. ... £8 17 6

C713  
Bronze Frame, Gilt Numerals and  
Blue Glass, 7½ x 6½ ins. £12 10 0

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AND THE ROYAL SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD





# Town & Country

THE COATS YOU'LL  
WANT THIS WINTER

A FUR coat is both a beautiful and practical basis for a town wardrobe, since it can be worn on many occasions. The attractive three-quarter model above is finely worked in natural mink and comes from the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard. It should be mentioned that there is no shop-window. Women who cannot visit the City should write for the catalogue, which contains photographs of the many models and will be sent post free. There are attractive coats in Persian and Indian lamb, tailored on slim lines, as well as coats for the country of shorn beaver and natural ocelot. Silver fox is used for a three-quarter length evening wrap and for shoulder capes

"WARMTH without weight" are words that aptly describe the fur fabric used for the Motoluxe travel coats. The same quality yarn is used as for their famous rugs; nevertheless, in order that a slim silhouette may be achieved the pile is shorter and closer. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it is healthful and hygienic to wear on account of its porous construction. Illustrated on this page is the "Louise" model; it is a perfectly balanced three-quarter length coat and is seven guineas. These coats are sold by outfitters of prestige, but in case of difficulty, application must be made to Lansdell and Willson, 24, George Street, Hanover Square, for their nearest agent

Pictures by Blake





## FAMILIES OF STONES

Wear families of matched stones—so effective!

ABOVE: Rhinestone watch on black silk cord 7 guineas. White sapphire ring 55/-. Rhinestone earrings 4 guineas. Jet cigarette holder with Rose diamond band—£6 10.

BELOW: A matched set of imitation rubies and Rhinestones. Her bracelet, 13 guineas (it is shown again, enlarged, below). She holds a double clip £9 17 6. Two clips 75/6 each. Wrist watch 10 guineas. We also have matched families in imitation sapphires and Rhinestones or imitation emeralds and Rhinestones

## FORTNUM & MASON







EVERY woman enjoys wearing Delman shoes; they are perfectly cut, unusual in design and treatment, distinctive and have a slimming effect. Their London salons are at 16, Old Bond Street, where the models portrayed may be seen, accompanied by an infinite variety of others for day and evening

OVERLAPPING discs of gold and silver kid make the vamp and heel bracelet of the Delman open dance sandal at the top of the page on the left. Should it be desired to harmonise with the dress it may be made of white satin and dyed the correct shade in the course of a few hours



BLACK and silver brocade sandals are seen above, while in the centre is a decorative sandal in satin, which can easily be dyed, and gold kid



MANY interesting features are included in the evening sandals on the right; they are toeless and heel-less, with high sides fastened to the ankle-straps with tiny nail-heads



## SHOES YOU CHOOSE

A TEA-BOOT is seen above, or, as some may prefer to call it, a bridge shoe, with a slender heel and the fashionable high front. It is carried out in suède and smartly trimmed with patent piping

MUCH to be desired is the white satin cut-out sandal-boot on the right with slender criss-cross bands climbing the instep. For day-time wear it is made of black suède enriched with patent bands



# How shall I choose my Powder Base?



Exquisitely fine fair skins are usually dry, and that is why there is a special powder base for this particular problem. Milk of Roses is an emollient lotion, which actually helps to cure the skin of its dry condition.

It holds the powder lightly and naturally for hours and all the time it is doing your skin good. If you have a normal skin, you need the Cyclax Day Lotion. This powder base gives your skin a fine soft bloom, to which the powder will cling delicately giving a delicious sense of freshness. Choose just the right shade to tone with the natural colouring. If your skin is dry, or if you follow the modern school of 'natural' beauty, use Milk of Roses regularly, and keep your Day Lotion for the very sophisticated occasion.

*Milk of Roses 4/6, 8/6. Day Lotion 4/6, 8/6*

## CYCLAX

• All the best shops throughout the Empire sell Cyclax and will advise on the treatment.

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• 7 EAST 53rd STREET, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## Marrying To-morrow.

Captain J. T. Bowring, M.C., 9th Lancers, will marry Miss Taylor in Cairo to-morrow, and in Yorkshire, Mr. D. F. Kerr will marry Miss Gabrielle K. Scovell at Rawmarsh Parish Church.

## Marrying This Month.

Mr. E. L. Graham, Royal Tank Corps, son of the late Mr.

W. S. Graham and Mrs. Graham, of Liverpool, and Jean, daughter of the late Sir Napier Burnett and Lady Burnett, of Bambergh, Northumberland; Captain

John Gordon-Duff, The Rifle Brigade, will marry Mrs. E. S. Stalter at St. Faith's Church, Overbury, on November 9; Mr. A. Powys-Lybbe will marry Miss Rosemary Ferrand at the Abbey Church, Douai Abbey, near Reading, on November 27.

## Recent Engagements.

Mr. V. J. Beesly, Palestine Police, son of Mr. Lewis Beesly, F.R.C.S.Ed., and Mrs. Beesly, Brightwalton, near Newbury, and Joan Winifred, elder daughter of Sir Francis E. Shipway, K.C.V.O., M.D., and Lady Shipway, of Shefford Woodlands, Newbury; Major D. C. Owen, D.S.O., late The Middlesex Regiment (D.C.O.), Bradfield St. George, Suffolk, and Eleanor Margaret, elder daughter of the Rev. E. Morton Bartlett, Hessett Rectory, Suffolk, and the late Mrs. Bartlett; Mr. I. F. Benjamin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin,

New York, and Shirley Myfanwy, daughter of the late Sir David Brooks, of Birmingham, and Lady Brooks, Bedford Park, W.4; Captain P. H. O. L. Penfold, Royal Marines, younger son of Surgeon-Rear-Admiral and Mrs. E. A. Penfold, of St. Germans, Cornwall, and Benita, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Cundell, of St. Margaret's

B a y, Kent; Mr. P. A. V. Spitzer, only son of the late Arthur Spitzer, directeur du Comptoir National d'Escompte de Paris, of London, Australia and Egypt, and Mrs. Spitzer, and Sylvia Theodora Essex, second daughter of the late Brig.-General B. St. J. Barter and Mrs. Barter, of Oakleigh, Eltham; Mr. W. O. Calvert, only son of the late Captain A. J. Calvert, Royal Scots Greys, and Mrs. Calvert, of Trinidad, B.W.I., and Nanine, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Houstoun-Boswall, Bt., and Lady Houstoun-Boswall, of Wendover Court, Hampstead; Captain H. W. Lloyd, The Royals, younger son of Brig.-General A. H. O. Lloyd, of Leaton Knolls, Shrewsbury, and Diana, youngest daughter of Captain Robert Brassey, of The Node, Hitchin, Herts, and Berkeley Square, London; Mr. Gerald Sharp, only child of Com. and Mrs. R. Sharp, of Aylsham, Norfolk, and Rosemary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Kerrison, of Aylsham; Mr. F. Lucas, elder son of the late Mr. W. G. Lucas, of Eastbourne, and Betty, only daughter of Col. M. H. Knaggs, C.M.G.



Hay Wrightson

MISS B. A. HARBORD

The only daughter of Major and Mrs. L. B. Harbord, of Beckenham, Kent, who is to marry Mr. Anthony Harvey Aldridge, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Aldridge, of Park Langley, Beckenham



Catherine Bell

MISS P. O. VARLEY

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Dudley Graham Henderson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham Henderson, of Melbourne, Australia. Miss Varley is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Percy Varley, and Mrs. Varley, of Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.



Elwin Neame

MISS E. J. HARVEST

The only child of the late Colonel H. H. Harvest, R.A., and Mrs. Harvest, of Halkin Street, S.W.1, who is to marry Mr. Patrick Kendall-Butler, son of the late Sir Cyril Kendall-Butler, and of Lady Kendall-Butler, of Bourton House, Shrivenham

## Among those present

Let him run on about his ambitions . . . what he told his father and why. But when he asks "what perfume do you use?", and you say "Phül-Nānā"—from then on you must listen.

Phül-Nānā's service to beauty includes Powder—Talcum—Cream—Soap—Cachous, etc. Sold everywhere.

**Phül-nānā by GROSSMITH**

SIGNATURE PERFUME OF THE SOIGNEE



1/6d., 2/9d.,  
4/9d. and  
upwards.

# GARRARDS

*By Special Appointment  
Goldsmiths and Jewellers  
to the Crown*





SEALYHAM PUPPIES

The property of Mrs. Brierley

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

One of the greatest annoyances is a dog that barks at night. This is almost always because the dog is uncomfortable. It is an annoyance one frequently meets with in villages, and it is not odd—a barrel is a cheerless place on a winter's night. When remonstrating with the owner try to explain this; owners, as a rule, seem not to mind the noise at all. If you can induce them to make the dog more comfortable you will be doing it and yourself a good turn.

He is very popular, especially in the country, where he makes an excellent companion. He has only been well known a comparatively short time, his first appearance at shows being a few years before the war. Mrs. Brierley owns a good kennel of Sealyhams, and has done well with them; her dogs are all under her personal care and supervision, which makes them adapt themselves easily to fresh homes. She sends a photograph of some Sealyham puppies which are for sale. There are also older dogs, suitable either as companions or for show.



BOTHAL YO SAN

The property of Mrs. Sample

I have the following letter from Mrs. Sample, owner of Bothal Pekingese:—  
“I have only a very small kennel, as my Pekes all run about the house and are my constant companions. I live so far from all championship shows I am unable to show my dogs as often as I could wish, but I believe in keeping only a few of the very best. At the moment I possess seven, all of which have done well at championship shows. I enclose a photo of my well-known miniature bitch, Bothal Yo San, winner of four res. c. cs., over eighty first-prizes, many cups, and several times best in show. She has beaten most of the champions of the day, but has always been unlucky in not gaining her title. Then there is Champion Toydom Man-Lu, who gained her full title in twenty-one days; two tiny miniature red dogs, Bothal Buzzer Bee and Beeswing, by Champion Humming Bee of Alderbourne, and I must mention my little black Pixie, now nine years old but as lively and attractive as ever and also a well-known winner. I had a sad loss last spring in the death of my Champion Kuan Yinsi, who gained the championship and gold medal for the best Toy dog at Cruft's in 1932, but I have a little bitch, not yet shown, who is simply lovely, and I am hoping will take her place some day. I do very little breeding, but often have puppies for sale.”

The Sealyham is a dog of character, both in appearance and disposition.



SHI TZUS

The property of Miss Hutchins

The Shi Tzu has only been introduced into this country a few years but has become remarkably popular. Shi Tzus have some qualities which make them rather different from ordinary dogs; they are very intelligent and extremely hardy. They originally came from Tibet to Pekin as presents from the Lama to the Emperor of China; they are not very common in Pekin, and good ones are not easy to get there. In fact, it will soon be as it is with the Pekingese—that there are better ones in this country than in the land of their origin. Miss Hutchins has a well-known kennel of Shi Tzus. She has at present various puppies and youngsters for sale, some of which are seen in the photograph.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

# IMPORTANT!

## TO EVERY WOMAN OVER THIRTY

How wonderful to look each day into your mirror and see the years dropping away from your face—to watch the wrinkles vanish, the flabby muscles become firm, the crepy skin grown smooth! Innoxa have made this possible, for Dr. Debat, the world-famous skin specialist, has prepared a cream that attacks the actual cause of ageing skin, the slowing-up of glandular processes due to advancing age, excessive fatigue and worry, or ill-health.

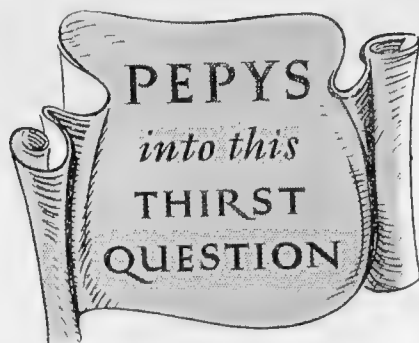
VITORMONE CREAM is something entirely new—a genuine rejuvenator. Rich in the hormones necessary for the preservation of a youthful complexion, it does not merely doctor the surface of the skin, but is absorbed by the skin into the underlying muscles and tissues, stimulating the cells to continue their normal activity, by which they are continually renewed. This activity ensures youth. VITORMONE CREAM keeps age at bay.

PRICE 15/- OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH-CLASS ESTABLISHMENTS OR DIRECT FROM

## Innoxa Salon

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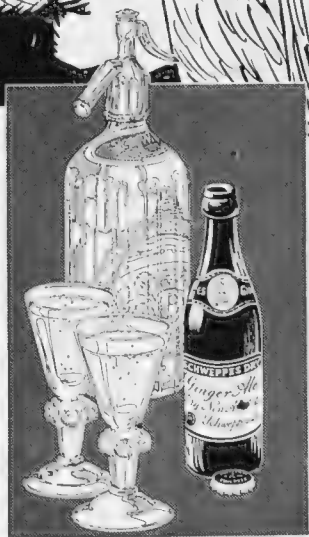
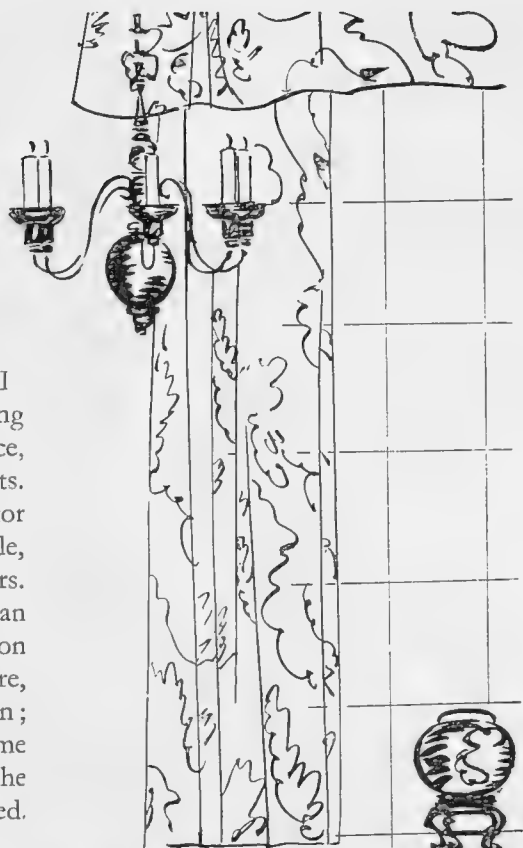
Carriage paid United Kingdom only on receipt of remittance. Innoxa Beauty Guide No. 23 post free on request. Facial treatments daily from 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Complimentary consultations. Phone Regent 3306



# OCT. 30<sup>TH</sup>

After dinner come Dr. Barlow and his wife to play at Contract Bridge. Mrs.

Barlow very full of the latest West End success; but I could wish that she had kept her mind to card-playing more and to play-acting less, since she revoked twice, whereat I did assume soft smiles to hide my harsh thoughts. Thereafter, I having proposed drinks and the Doctor choosing Whisky and Soda and the ladies Ginger Ale, I fell to talking upon the Art of choosing Table Waters. In which the Doctor and I agreed well: viz., that a man of true and tried palate knows there be as true distinction in Table Waters as in Wines or Ales. Furthermore, that Schweppes have some cunning and close tradition; some secret way of winning that brave tang and lively sparkle which at once please the tongue and placate the throat. Afterwards, two more rubbers and so to bed.



BE SURE YOU SAY

# Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS



## "Granule of Drama"

(Continued from p. 230)

Kenneth smiled wanly. Barbara steered the remainder of dinner through less controversial waters.

They went into the small lounge for coffee; drew up chairs to the fire for it was chilly.

"You won't mind," Barbara turned to Judith, "if Snooty has his usual cocoa? He doesn't care for coffee, or, rather, it doesn't care for him. He only drinks it when we have a formal dinner-party."

"Look here, Barbara, this——"

"And your slippers are just beside you, dear," Barbara interrupted him. "I told you that this was to be just an ordinary evening."

From the corner of her eye she watched Judith's thinly concealed amazement as Kenneth ostentatiously changed into his scarlet slippers. She saw with a pang of regret the pain behind the surprise. She knew that it was hard for this girl to watch the idol change into a very domesticated middle-class suburbanite. For that was Kenneth Maitland off the stage. A man who loved home comforts and was happiest at his fireside away from the glamour which had brought him fame and wealth.

The next hour was one of boredom for all three. The earlier tension had passed. They all knew that Barbara had won. Judith rose and remembered she had to drop in on a friend. She held out her hand to Kenneth.

"Well, bye-bye. . . . I'll probably see you again some time," she whispered to him as Barbara moved to the door. "Be kind to Barbara, she's a good sort."

Barbara saw her out. At the door Judith said: "Thanks awfully for an—an instructive evening."

"No bitterness, my dear?"



THE MARQUIS CALABRINI, THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR

The Marquis Calabrini has been sculpting a number of famous British racehorses this summer, and has recently done Cameronian (at stud) and is busy on Hyperion. He is an intensely avid worker and is also writing some historical books. The Marquis, who is an active member of the Jockey Club in Rome, was formerly a keen amateur rider

"None. You've saved me making a fool of myself."

"Then prove it."

"Prove it? How?"

"Where did you get that hat you were wearing this morning?"

Judith laughed. "At Darings, in Bruton Street."

When Barbara returned to the lounge she found that Kenneth had gone upstairs. She sat in an agony of suspense. She had felt so sure of her victory, and she had won. But she felt no elation; only a hollow dread. Half an hour later Kenneth appeared. She saw with a shock that he was in "tails." There was a flash of excitement in his eyes. He strode over to her and grasped her wrists.

"Babs, you're a devil. But you're right. You showed me I could never have lived with that girl. She hasn't the knack of comfort; hasn't the knack of comfort," he cried. "Slip a frock on. We'll go out to-night and knock the high spots higher. You've saved me from making an old fool of myself."

He stepped back and stared at her in amazement.

"Why—Baba, what's the matter. . . Babs . . . you're crying!"

She smiled up at him.

"You don't know how happy I am, Snooty."

On November 1 *The Desert Song*, with Harry Welchman, opened at the Streatham Hill Theatre, and the following week, commencing November 8, Frances Day and George Lacy take the stage in *Floodlight*, the book, music and lyrics by Beverley Nichols. In the week commencing November 15, Godfrey Tearle as *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* will be presented, and the week commencing November 22, A. A. Milne's *Sarah Simple*, with Leonora Corbett leading.

# Which would YOU rather have —

Skin which only  
**LOOKS** beautiful or.....  
Skin which really  
**IS** beautiful?

**T**RULY beautiful skin is the creation of youth and health. The skin is smooth and fresh because Nature constantly renews the outer layers from within. As years go by, the skin becomes wrinkled, loose and discoloured, and the youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and the return to the soft, pliant skin-beauty of youth is possible only by internal rejuvenation of the skin. If the skin is to regain and retain its youthful beauty, the underlying inactive tissues, which, in youth, supply the ever-new and lovely surface, must be revitalised and therefore the remedy has to be introduced from within.

The celebrated skin specialist, Dr. J. F. Kapp, working on this principle, discovered the way to restore the skin to the condition of youth. He evolved the now world-famous W-5 Brand Tablets which revitalise tired tissues and stimulate them to normal activity. W-5 Brand Tablets truly rejuvenate the skin—they rebuild it from within in Nature's own way. As the result the skin gradually loses its defects and becomes smooth again, clear and beautiful. By taking W-5 you will experience their wonderful rejuvenating effect on your own skin.



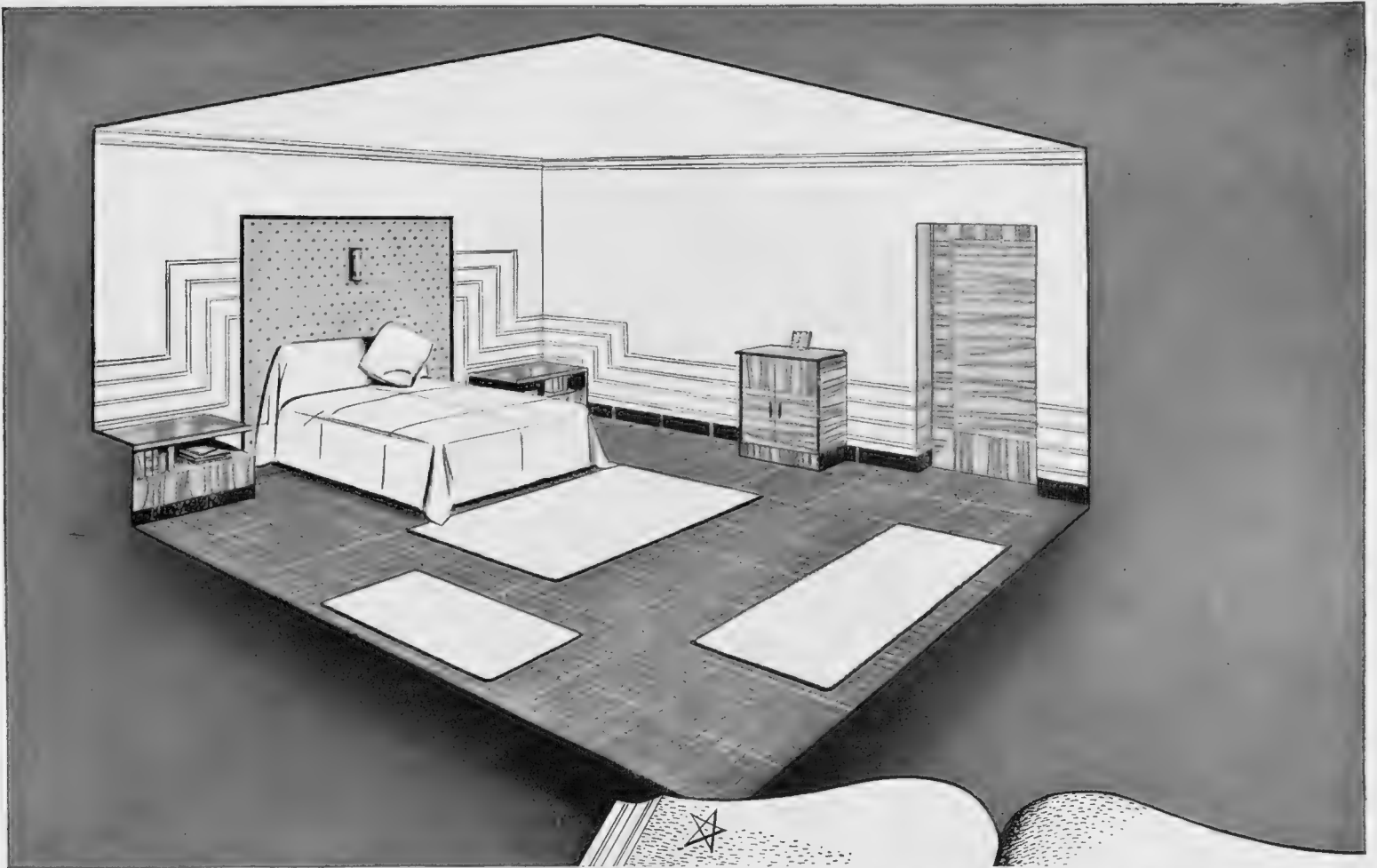
A most interesting and beautifully illustrated book explains this important discovery and tells you everything about the skin and its rejuvenation with "W-5" Brand Tablets. This book should be in the hands of every woman. It will be sent gratis and post free.

● Write at once for  
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BRAND  
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Until we saw the Sanderson Book at our Decorators, we had no idea that wallpapers could be made such attractive wall treatments. We got the idea for this bedroom from the book. Notice how the striped paper increases in height towards the bed and how the panel of a different paper above the bed concentrates the interest and completes the scheme.

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# SANDERSON WALLPAPERS

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## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 213

as the sun penetrates the mist. As soon as the hygrometer falls to 95 or below, scent can be expected, other conditions being favourable, and the prospects can then be calculated by using the dials."

Space does not permit any elaboration of the technical details of this instrument, but personally, I think that Mr. Budgett's invention carried us almost as far along the self-same road as it was necessary that we should be carried for all practical intents and purposes.

So far so good. Here is a newspaper extract reporting what happened one day two seasons ago upon a day when I happened to have been in a position to give personal testimony. I kept this cutting because it seemed to be such a contradiction in terms of all accepted ideas as to when you ought to expect a scent:—

"The weather was bright and mild yesterday, and scent was not particularly good with many packs, but after meeting at Gaddesby, the Quorn hounds scored the finest run they have had for years. Finding a fox in Carrington New Plantation, they ran straight to Ashby Folville, then turned parallel with the brook, straight to Thorpe Trussels. Leaving Great Dalby on the left, they passed through Burrough Hill Wood. . . ."

and so on and so forth. They ran for 2 hours 15 minutes, a 13-mile point and a good 18 as hounds ran. This is by no means a solitary instance of when hounds have hunted as if tied to him on a day when everything of which you can think seemed to be against a scent. I wonder what any scentometer would have said on that day if it had told the truth.

As I view things, it is necessary that one of these instruments should be taken out



AT A RECENT MEETING OF MODERN GLADIATORS

The fair have always had a great admiration for the brave and are usually in strong force at boxing contests. Above is Miss Cranfield, daughter of Mr. A. L. Cranfield, Managing Editor of the *Daily Mail*, with Mrs. Cyril Mills at supper after the fray

hunting, possibly on the same horse as carries the terrier man and the spades, for otherwise how are you going to get any scientific information as to whether it is worth while going on to the next draw or not? As is well known, scenting conditions are apt to change entirely within a very short space of time, sometimes in much less than an hour. What is, then, the value of a reading taken at the kennels at, say, 9.30 to 10 p.m., for something that happens at 3.30 p.m., an hour at which the temperature quite often goes down very rapidly and the bad scenting conditions of the morning undergo a complete change? Why do some of the Solomons of the Chase get on a horse that they only want to ride about in the morning, and then change on to the very best thing they have in their stables after sandwich time? These wise-ones, no doubt, would be aided if they could carry a scentometer about in their waistcoat pockets, but they know without any such aid what are the chances. So does somebody else—our friend of ancient lineage, the fox. He is the best scentometer in the whole animal kingdom and has forgotten more about this science than any man ever knew. A fox, for instance, always knows that, though there may be a screaming scent in covert upon which you can hang your hat, there will not be a vestige of it outside, no matter what the surface grass or plough. I have seen a fox, after foiling his own line most elaborately in covert, trot out into the middle of an adjoining field, sit down and scratch his ear. Someone, of course, holla'ed them on to him, but he was not worried. He just trotted off at his own pace and disappeared. The pack could not take his line a single yard—and *that fox knew it*. I have no doubt that all these interesting contrivances are "fool-proof," and that they cannot make a mistake if they are at hand when wanted, but I cannot believe that they can cope with everything.



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# EGYPT

## 'We're on a winner here!'

'That's our horse . . . Number Five . . . If it wins, I'll throw a party at Mena House tonight'

'Oh—lovely . . . And don't forget we're dining and dancing at Shepherd's on Friday. Those nice people we met at Luxor have asked us . . .'

'We're playing tennis at Gezira on Saturday, too'

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\* The English pound is worth its full value in Egyptian currency.

\* The comfort of Egyptian hotels is well known, yet they are not expensive. Throughout the season (October to April) special gala nights are held weekly.

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MAYORAL RECEPTION  
IN KENSINGTONMRS. HUBERT FANE, THE HOSTESS,  
WITH MR. HAROLD SPEEDTHE EARL AND COUNTESS OF  
DUNMORETHE MAYOR, MR. HUBERT FANE, WITH  
MISS JOAN SPALL

Some pictures taken at the Reception by the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fane, at Kensington Town Hall. Mr. Harold Speed, seen in conversation with the hostess of the evening, is the very well-known artist. Lord Dunmore was formerly in the 16th Lancers, and saw service in South Africa and in the Great War. He got his V.C. on the N.W. Frontier of India and the D.S.O. in France. Lady Dunmore is a daughter of the late Colonel Horace Kemble, who was Laird of Knock in the Isle of Skye. More pictures of this occasion are on the following page



BY APPOINTMENT

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SPORTS SALOON - £485

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- Inter-axle seating. Positive steering
- Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox

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SYLVIA RENTOULLADY BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH WITH  
GENERAL SIR WALTER KIRKESIR WILLIAM DAVISON, M.P.,  
AND LADY DAVISON

Some more of the people who were at the Reception by the Mayor and Mayoress of Kensington. Sir Gervais Rentoul had a distinguished career as a barrister and King's Counsel; he sat for the Lowestoft Division of Suffolk from 1932 to 1934, and in the latter year was appointed a Metropolitan Magistrate. He has also a considerable literary talent, and has figured as a dramatic critic. General Sir Walter Kirke is Director-General of the Territorial Army and, under the recent advance in status of that force, has become a member of the Army Council. He was a Gunner in his regimental days, and was first commissioned in 1896, seeing his first fighting in Waziristan five years later. Sir William Davison has represented Kensington South in the Commons since 1918. During the war he raised and equipped the 22nd Battalion, Royal Fusiliers

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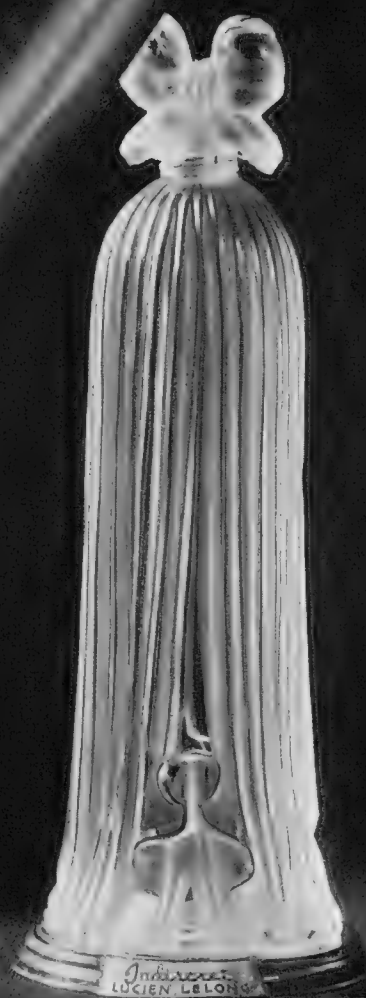
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From the Shires and Provinces—*cont. from p. 196*

the end of last season (after seven years) and has been succeeded by Major Lionel Holliday, who is an old hand at the game, having previously had the Derwent, Badsworth and Grove; he will normally hunt hounds himself, with H. Horbury as kennel-huntsman. He has built new kennels at Copgrove into which hounds have just moved, and will live at Copgrove Hall himself later on; being practically in the middle of the North pack's country, it will make an ideal headquarters.

Talking of headquarters reminds me that, since last season, the Northern Command has become what's called a first-class command, which means more staff officers at York: we hope as many of them as possible will hunt with us, wives and all. Some of us remember how a former G.O.C.-in-C., very keen on the chase himself, demanded why a certain colonel on his staff hadn't been out lately. "I've had a lot of work to do, General." "Rot, old chap, I know your work; all you've done is to go to your — office and sign your name on a lot of — bits of paper."

One imagines they really work harder than that in these days, but there was probably something in it then.

As to cub-hunting, foxes have turned up well in most places, but, of-course, the hard ground has meant very poor scent, even if it's a good excuse for not jumping blind ditches: I don't think I ever remember such a dry October. Anyhow, the rain has come at last, which ought to be better alike for hounds' noses and horses' legs.

## From the South Cheshire

It is almost certain now, the rain having come, the opening meet will be held on Monday.

With the going like the road, and no scent, forty brace up to the time of writing is a very good performance on the part of Arthur, who has returned to us from the Middleton.

The summer has passed, for all of us differently; what with world troubles, the commodity markets no-how, the favourite not having won the Cambridgeshire, it leaves some, amazing as it is, still on the gold standard, but a strong section on no standard at all. Despite it all, we proceed to possibly over-invest with the long-suffering boot-makers, tailors, "even horse dealers," etc., and so proceed to Ox-Heys, full of hope!

There are two changes of addresses in the South. Jack and Kitty are to be found, except for meals, at the Brine Baths; Pishta and Connie presumably split the difference, Tuesdays and Fridays with

her herd, Wednesday and Saturday with his, Mondays and Thursdays furniture arrangements. The best of luck and happiness to them all.

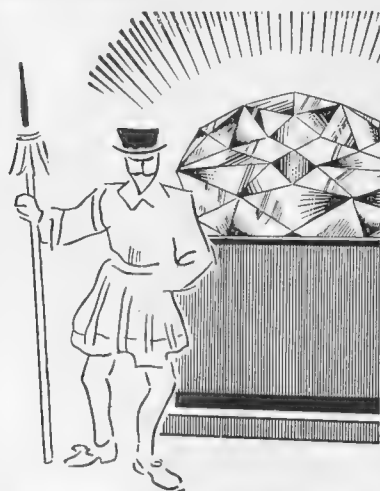
By the great kindness of Captain Rigby, a wire dance is being held at Poole Hall on November 26 in aid of the general fund, which would appear to be somewhat in need.

Wishing Tim all luck for a good season, and sincere thanks to him, all owners and occupiers of land, plus workers, without any of whom the game is over.

## Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings

Under this heading we start our notes this season. Why? Well, a little more scope to open our minds won't do us any harm and last season's remarks of how dull we had got with our letter made us feel quite shy! Anyhow, the world goes on; and here we are on the eve of another season. Summer came rather late, but, alas! is still with us and the ground like iron. Whether we in the West Country will be able to commence serious operations on November 1 is more than doubtful. Considering the climatic conditions, sport has been up to the average and an odd ninety brace to hand can be claimed in Beaufortshire, whilst our neighbours, the V.W.H., have done equally well, although the Earl has, perhaps, been somewhat hampered by the aeroplanes and the camp followers! Sir Peter Farquhar arrived with the Whaddon Hounds and bride complete for a week's hunting and accounted for several cubs. Our staff has been hard at it since August, Master taking a well-earned holiday in Scotland. From all accounts The Berkeley have done very well and the happy trinity will be in command again. Houses seem in great demand in these parts of the world and amongst the latest arrivals are the Towers-Clarks, who have bought Luchington Manor from Captain Treeck, who has moved Pytchley way. Pinkney Park has changed hands again and the new owner, Mr. Bails, intends to make many alterations and a large stud farm is being arranged. We understand that he has also purchased a part of the Court Farm as well. From all accounts we certainly should not care to have the Colonel from Doughton way valuing land for probate. Owing to the climatic conditions the polo season lasted well into late August and the annual hunt match, Beaufort v. Berkeley resulted in a decisive win for the latter, no doubt due a great deal to the absence of the Major on his famous roan pony Watercast. The Beaufort country has suffered a very great loss by the death of Mr. Lowsley-Williams, of Chavenage, a great sportsman and a most kindly neighbour and whose charming house always spelt welcome to all.

(Continued on p. xxvi)



## A MIGHTY MAN WAS "CULLINAN"

He found a priceless diamond,  
And they called it by his name.  
Now it costs a lot of money,  
But that's the price of fame.  
I'm glad they haven't priced  
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A Port and a Gem,  
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The world is good and the people good,  
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we love  
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When you are merry and all around you are merry too, mark the occasion well by a toast drunk in this fine Cherry Brandy. Its glorious colour seems to hold a thousand jewels, its flavour is like soft words on the tongue. It was to achieve this centuries quality that the experience of two centuries has been blended into its making. Your wine merchant will supply you with a bottle at your request.

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From the Shires and Provinces—*cont. from p. xxiv*

## Meynell Musings

A lot of water has run under the bridge since last these notes appeared, and we have made a solemn vow to Mr. Editor we will be very good this time! Many changes have taken place and it was with great regret throughout the country when Sir William decided to give up his Joint-Mastership of seven seasons. Capt. Dick Jaffray has moved on to the Zetland, and command has been taken over what promises to be a very popular arrangement. Sir Ian Walker, born and bred in our county, was obviously the one person to take over the onerous duties, and when it was announced that he and Captain Maurice Kingscote (who would hunt the hounds), with Captain Roddy Verelst to assist as F.M., we were all delighted and wish them every success. Our new Master-Huntsman and his charming wife have taken Callingwood Hall, on the Rangemore estate, whilst Captain Arthur Gemmel has just moved into his cottage at Sudbury, leaving Babe and Mike to wrestle with the "Dog and the Partridge." We were all delighted to hear Babe has sufficiently recovered from his bad accident to start 'chasing again. As to our sport, considering the climatic conditions and the entire Hunt staff being strangers, it couldn't have gone much better. Maurice has shown us how to catch foxes, and over fifty brace have been accounted for already, and we are all looking forward to a first-class season. The



MR. C. V. TABOR, TRAINER OF PUNCH, AND HIS WIFE

Punch scored a nice win for his connections in the Cesarewitch, C. V. Tabor being the trainer who sent him out to beat Fet by a length. The winner has been in his charge ever since he was put into training, and won the Coronation Cup at Gatwick and the Cosmopolitan Cup at Lingfield. Both the trainer and his wife look appropriately pleased

rain having come at last, our opening meet is due to take place on November 1, though there will be some unfit riders and horses! Everywhere a good show of cubs has been in evidence, and our fields are daily increasing, and from all accounts stabling is booked right up. The Farmers' and Subscribers' Ball, under the management of Mrs. George Anson, promises to be a great success on November 1.

## From Lincolnshire

Last week's soaking has made a vast difference to the going, which, everywhere, had become too hard for hunting. But much more rain is wanted to put matters right for the opening meets, which, after all, may have to be delayed. Cubbing has been a difficult undertaking. True, foxes are plentiful in all districts, but hounds have been unable to educate them sufficiently to their responsibilities. An outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in the Southwold country recently created a great scare and affected cubbing with four packs. Happily, the restrictions have been modified, and they may entirely disappear before the regular season commences. Commander J. F. Alexander, from the Fernie, has joined Lady Londesborough in the Mastership of the Blankney, and a new huntsman, Harry Turner, from the Newmarket and Thurlow has taken the place of Jim Welch, who has transferred his affections to the Woodland Pytchley. Mr. Norman J. Adams and his daughter, Miss Ena Adams, who last season jointly controlled the Eglinton, have taken over the Southwold from Miss Rosemary Sandars (now Mrs. Burke). Other county packs carry on as before.

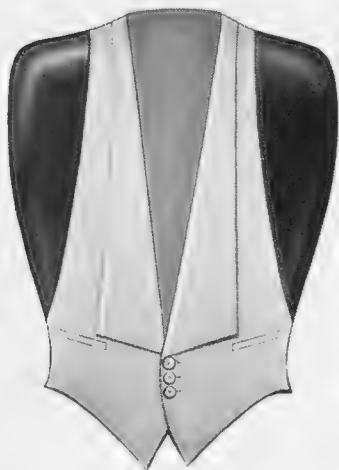


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## A Rugby Letter

(Continued from p. 218)

It was impossible, of course, to avoid the conclusion that the last two defeats of Wales were largely due to the ineptitude of the selectors, though there were rather unpleasant rumours that personal matters had been allowed to intervene. This is not the first occasion by many that the work of the Welsh Selectors has failed to find favour with the usually sound judges of the Welsh public, and there can be no doubt that the feeling in Wales has been intensely strong. It remains to be seen whether the governors of the game have learnt their lesson and taken to heart the scathing condemnation that has been lavished upon them.

One of the signs of the rapidly advancing season can be seen in the number of county fixtures which have been taking place. In London, it is true, county matches do not attract any great amount of attention, but in the Provinces matters are very different. In both the North and West they are regarded with intense interest and watched with a good deal of partisan feeling, whereas no one appears to get very excited over the fortunes of Surrey or Middlesex. Of course, in the Metropolitan area county games are played in mid-week, whilst most of the Provinces regard them as amongst their most attractive fixtures, and gladly give up their Saturdays, which must make a considerable difference.

Moreover, it must also be remembered that the counties outside London regard their county caps as honours well worth winning, and keep a jealous eye on those to whom they are awarded. Very different is the case in London, where I have known as many as sixty invitations to be issued before a county side could be collected. Perhaps, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that secretaries open their nets



"Ah! Now I can see what you're doing wrong"

Here is one of the illustrations to *Fore* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 5s.), in which R. J. H. M. and "Mel" have collaborated with immense success. Wit and fun-poking are prevalent in this light-hearted contribution to golfing literature, and "Mel's" popular pencil was never more pertinent. *Fore* should certainly have a place in every golfer's Christmas stocking

rather widely, but all the same it is a thousand pities that the principles of county qualifications are not observed.

No genuine Londoner can possibly feel any county enthusiasm when he sees his team filled up with Scottish or Welsh internationals whose presence cannot be of the smallest interest to the selectors.

## Concerning Golf

(Continued from p. 202)

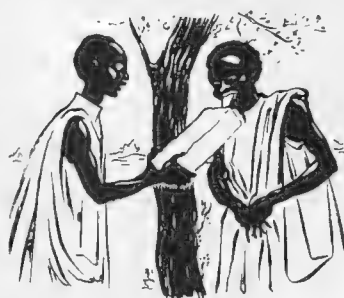
and a well-trimmed park course. It was that day, if you remember, when winter definitely arrived. The morning round was pretty bad, but the afternoon was played in a positive tornado. In near-by Brighton the shingle was piled high on the promenade by the force of the gale. In the first round Cotton holed the course in 68 shots, a score which was three times improved upon by his partner, Reginald Whitcombe, making their better ball 65.

Fantastic conditions such as prevailed on this day separate the wheat from the chaff and bring out the true artistry of golf. I have rarely watched the game on a viler day—but never enjoyed it more. Whereas Whitcombe, a great striker if ever there was one, was content, so far as one could see, to go on playing his ordinary shots in the ordinary manner, Cotton played a number that he would never think of producing (nor could he afford to try) in a serious championship. He proved that, in the strongest wind one can imagine, he had the ball under absolute control: he held it up or let it fade: hit it high and let it drift, or slammed it into the face of the gale about 4ft. from the ground. What a pity that the handicap golfer, the "backbone of the game," will not let us have a more responsive type of ball, so that we do not have to wait for filthy weather to see golf in its full variety.

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Sounds quaint, doesn't it? That's one of the fascinations of globe-trotting—strange encounter here, bizarre custom there... all serving to enrich your conversation, add colour to the theme, when the yarns are spinning merrily during that week-end at the Jones's.

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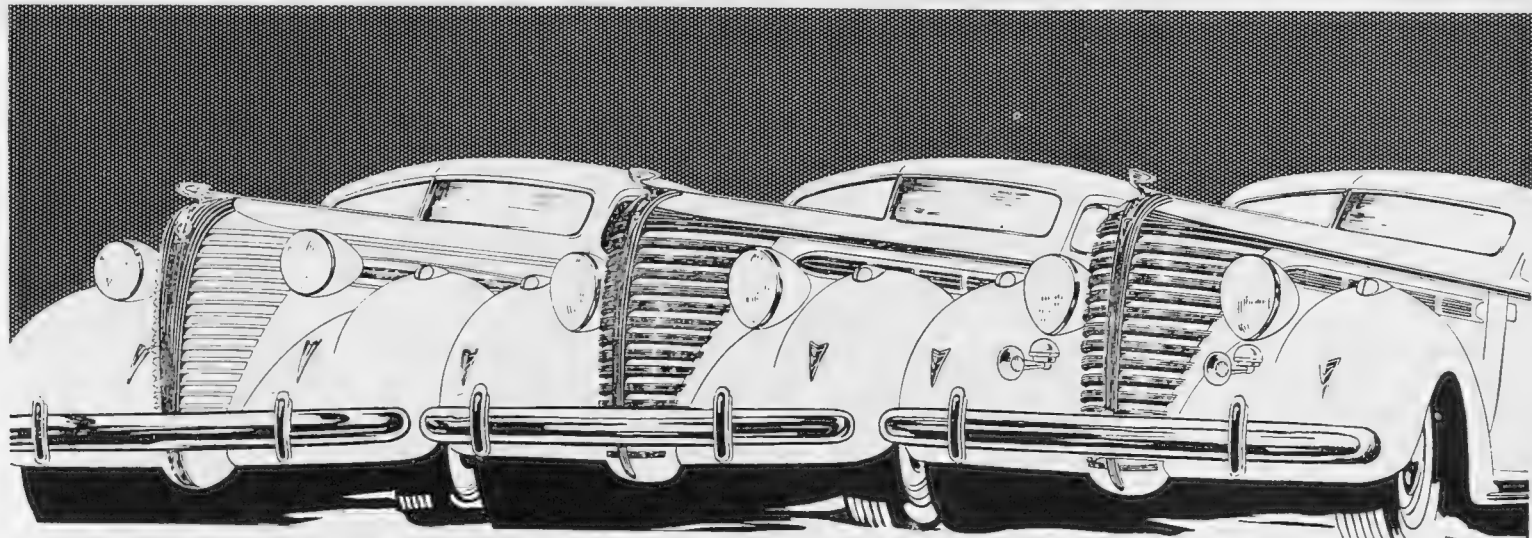
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# MEET HUDSON FOR 1938

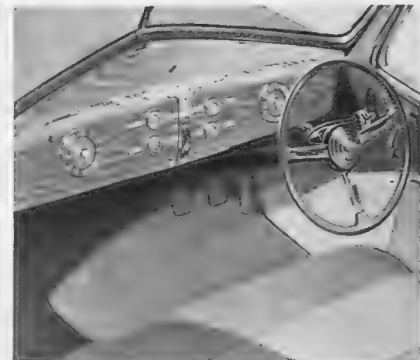
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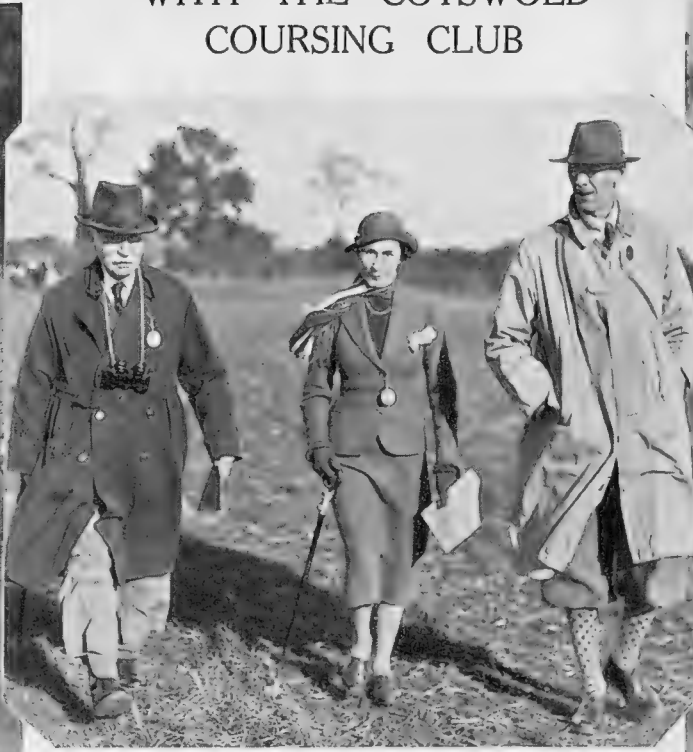
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Many people disagree with John Jorrock's dictum that "of all daft devils under the sun a greyhound's the daftest," and above are some of them, snapped at the meeting of the Cotswold Coursing Club, near Tetbury, Glos. Unfortunately, a churlish fellow called Jupiter Pluvius caused proceedings to be abandoned at lunch-time on the second day. Lord Ebury's Escort's Warning was going well in the Cirencester Tradesmen's Challenge Cup, having won his first two rounds. Mr. Alfred Robinson is a well-known Bristol sportsman. Lady Blanche Douglas is the only sister of the Duke of Beaufort, sufficient warrant for keenness in any form of sport. Captain J. M. Mordaunt is the Hon. Treasurer of the Club



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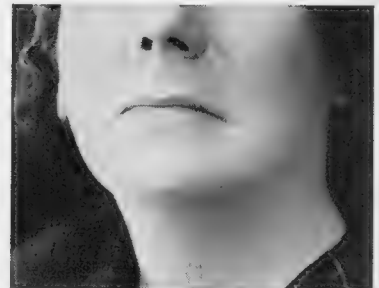
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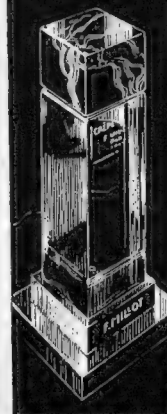
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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £7 to help an old lady, aged 87, who has not much longer to live. She and her husband were joint caretakers in an East End London school for many years, but he died last spring. An unmarried daughter gave up her post as senior cashier to look after her old mother, who cannot be left alone, and the two women try to make ends meet on an income of 16s. weekly. They are much respected in the neighbourhood, and the doctor speaks of them as really sterling characters. The Friends of the Poor are most anxious to supplement their tiny income, especially during the winter months.

"The Mariner's Market," in aid of the Missions to Seamen, which was organised by The London Harbour Lights Guild, had its first gathering on November 1, at 19, Belgrave Square, the house of the president, Viscountess Monsell, C.B.E. Lady Diana Cooper, supported by the Rt. Hon. Alfred Duff Cooper, D.S.O., M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty, was the opener. On November 24, at 12 noon, the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Clarendon, P.C., G.C.M.G., will be the sponsor of the occasion. A number of well-known people took stalls, and in view of the highly deserving nature of this charity, it is hoped that anyone who was unable to be present on November 1 will correct the omission by being there on the 24th. The work is of such national importance that it demands the support of all of us.

A most attractive and profusely illustrated souvenir of *Victoria Regina* has just been published by Gilbert Miller and Norman Marshall, to celebrate the 150th performance at the Lyric Theatre. This play is one of the most memorable stage triumphs of the age, and the souvenir of it is on sale at the theatre at



MISS JEAN MUIR

The beautiful young Scottish-American film star has a leading part in Mr. J. B. Priestley's coming play, *People at Sea*, which inaugurates Mr. Alec L. Rea's tenancy of the Apollo, and will be produced next month. Mr. Priestley personally engaged Miss Jean Muir when he was in New York. She plays the part of a film star in a mixed company of passengers and crew aboard a disabled liner

the price of one shilling. In addition to pictures from every scene of the play, and an illustration in colour of the impressive final scene of Queen Victoria on the day of her Diamond Jubilee, the souvenir contains an illuminating article by Laurence Housman, the author, who was so fired with the dramatic possibilities of this great historic character that he wrote thirty short plays, nine of which comprise *Victoria Regina*. Pamela Stanley, who gives such an exquisite performance as Victoria, contributes an article in which she reveals the emotions which beset her when she was approached to play the part, and also on the first night at the Lyric when, on June 21, exactly 100 years after the young Princess's accession, she portrayed the Queen. Both in this country and America *Victoria Regina* is making theatre history. Since its opening at the Lyric Theatre not one seat at any performance has been vacant, and the demand for seats, which stretches months ahead, portends a record run.

It is good news to learn that twenty-five organisations, employing over 3,000 men, will be represented at this year's sale and exhibition of the "War Disabled Men's Industries," at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Their work, which includes such varied goods as bedroom furniture, soft toys, hand-woven tweeds, Japanese lacquer, foot muffs, needle-run cushions and glass and copper ware, is all manufactured by disabled men and their dependants. And when the exquisite workmanship which has been put into it is seen, it is not surprising to learn that one war widow who has worked for the organisation since 1919 has received £1,000 as the reward of her skill.

The Exhibition is under the patronage of the King and Queen, and will be opened by Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent, on November 5, at 11.30 a.m. It will be "re-opened" by Mr. Leslie Henson on November 12 at 3 p.m., and by Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Roger Keyes, on November 9, at 3.30 p.m.

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## Racing Ragout By "GUARDRAIL"

IT is hard to believe that racing is a pastime of the rich. It would appear to be an industry for the homeless destitute, for why should anyone of sufficiently good appearance to have the entry to a Salvation Army Shelter go and pay heavily to stand in sheets of rain, as at Newbury and Newmarket? It is a merciful thing that at the former venue the G.W.R. have so many trains to spare that they leave a selection of over-heated ones in the station wherein one can sit and sleep till they start back again for London. Cesarewitch day was as bad as even Newmarket can produce and, starting early on in the morning, it kept the majority of the crowd away. The remainder stood dripping in the bars most of the afternoon, and they were better off than the starter, who on Cesarewitch day has to ride about 10 or 11 miles. I am not proud of my very tentative selections for the big race, not one of my six shots being in the first 11. The race was reduced to plodders, and the best three in this category were the first three home. Haulfryn, my nap till his collapse at Newmarket and his withdrawal, did look gilt-edged in this lot; but all is not gold that glitters, as was discovered by the poor illiterate girl of whose pathetic story I was told to-day. Walking into a large banking establishment, she slapped down a glittering coin on the counter and asked: "Can you chinge an Orstrilian pound, please?" The kindly usurer behind the brass railings looked at her amusedly and said: "But this is not an Australian pound; this is a new threepenny bit." The poor girl's face fell four notes as, with unseeing eyes, she regarded the dross. Then, pulling herself together, she picked up the coin and remarking in a dull, toneless voice, "An' I thought 'e was a gentleman!" she left the emporium.


Daytona was a real good thing to beat his solitary opponent, and so was Monument to beat Fair Copy had not the race-cards stated that the latter was getting 8 lb. As a matter of fact, they met at levels, a fact which was, I believe, shown on the paddock number board, but not on the one opposite the stands. This would seem careless.

One good effect of the last few days' ceaseless downpour will be to make it possible to hold N.H. meetings, many of which have had to be abandoned. It was at one of these not so long ago that a strange Rosinante made his appearance. Apparently clipped with a hand-clipper with a couple of teeth missing, it had ridges of dry-

looking fur streaking its emaciated flanks. In its mouth was a double bridle, possibly on the principle enunciated in the Good Book that "their mouth must be held with bit and bridle lest they fall upon thee." Perched on his vertebral ridge was a hunting saddle, complete with that appendage so dear to the heart of provincials, a sandwich case! For most of the race before he was due to take the field he was ridden and led about by the intrepid gentleman, in full steeple-chasing costume, abbreviated Household Cavalry boots and a small buggy whip, who was to partner him. In the contest he ran across the top at the first hurdle, and, finishing a quarter of an hour behind the others, his callous rider merely hung the reins over a nail while he went in to change. I was not present personally, but have the details on the unimpeachable word of a prominent dipsomaniac, who thought it should be made clear that though the name and initial were identical on the card the trainer was *not* the wizard so well known in racing, and, if one may believe it, home circles. Rain, too, was essential for fox-hunting purposes, for which many would by now have abandoned racing had the "going" been in any way possible, but with the fields so rough that you could sprain an ankle walking over them, and the roads everywhere as impassable for horses as a glacier, the sport has been almost at a standstill. One can't help feeling rather soft and envying those who can fly in a few hours to permanent sunshine, *vide* the brochure issued by Anglo-American Airways, who fly so many of us racing these days, but realise that winter flying to jumping meetings is no catch. Newmarket at its best is such fun that it is a merciful thing that at the back end it is so bestial in every way, at early work, at the sales and on the course, that not only is it no hardship, but a positive relief not to have to go there again before the Craven meeting at the earliest. There are those, of course, who, to sell something or buy something, have to attend the December sales, and to those who have to spend those cheerless days at headquarters I can only advise taking a thermos of hot punch to the paddocks or buying enough Renovita to enable one, without feeling embarrassed, to drop in with frequency on "Smithy" at his booth half-way up the hill.

After having taken a fond farewell in my last, I feel that some explanation is necessary for my reappearance, and would like to state that it is partly due to pressure brought to bear on the editor by my certified readers, partly to sickness amongst the staff, and partly due to a promise of a disproportionately inadequate pecuniary remuneration.

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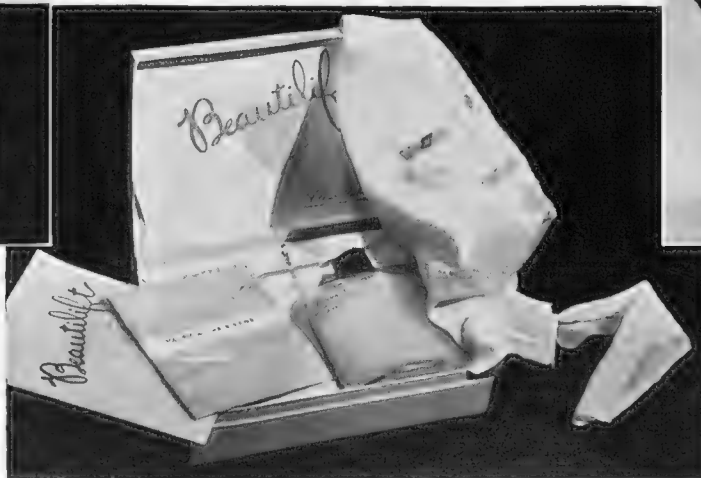
## YOUR NEW FACE

THE new face is a gift from Helena Rubinstein's Hormone Youthifying Creams, to which the Beautilift Masque has been permitted to contribute, and so has that perfect letter of introduction, the Three Step Package. The rejuvenation takes place at home during the hours of rest, feeding and renewing the skin



THREE STEPS TO BEAUTY

IT is Helena Rubinstein's (24, Grafton Street) three-in-one "round tower of beauty" that is seen above. There is the Cleansing and Massage Cream; it is light in texture and leaves the skin perfectly clean and exquisitely soft and fine. The second step is the excellent Perfection Cream, which is composed of nourishing extracts. Instantly the cream touches the skin the complexion becomes softer, losing that starched, unpleasant feeling. The third step of the treatment is the Town and Country Foundation; its biological elements benefit the skin



BANISH TIRED LINES THE BEAUTILIFT WAY

NEITHER words nor pictures can do justice to the good work achieved by Helena Rubinstein's Beautilift Masque. It is the result of a life-long study of complexion care and is based on the firm foundations of chemistry and medicine. It corrects drooping lined throats at the same time as it youthifies the face. The Masque must be dipped in the tightening Beautilift Lotion



THE BEAUTILITY BAG

THE Beauty Bag pictured above is really perfect, as Helena Rubinstein has grouped the preparations and individualised them for the dry, the normal and the oily skin. In this bag, which is only a guinea, there is the correct Cleansing Cream, Nourishing Cream and Tonic, Eye Lotion, Town and Country Foundation, Rouge, Powder, Eyelash Grower and Darkener, and a sample of Herbal Hand Balm. The bag itself is in several colours. Every woman must, of course, read this great artist in beauty's book entitled "This Way to Beauty"



## FOR GOLFERS

## WELL WORTH READING

... this feature "For Golfers." It covers the more important events of the year with picture and story, and incorporates interesting and instructional articles. Among regular contributors are Berwick Law, Major Sir Guy Campbell, Guy Farrar, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow,

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for frosty morns  
and chilly eves!



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there is a nonchalant air about this grey lamb coat with its swagger lines. shoulders are fashionably broadened and it has a smart collar and inset pockets. lined throughout with art silk.

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x1125

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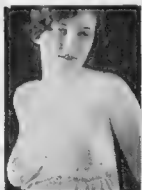
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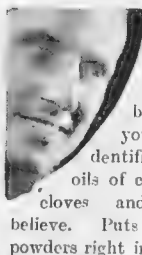
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P226



P227

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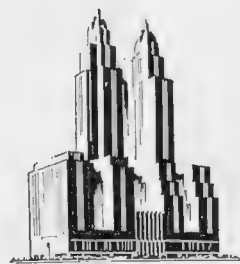
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(SECOND FLOOR)



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(Below) TEA OR DINNER GOWN — a French Model — in Midnight-blue Velvet, with ruched sleeves shaded mauve-to-blue. MADE TO MEASURE. PRICE  $28\frac{1}{2}$  GNS.

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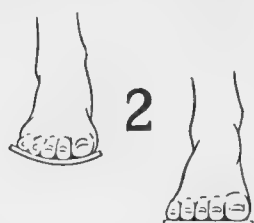
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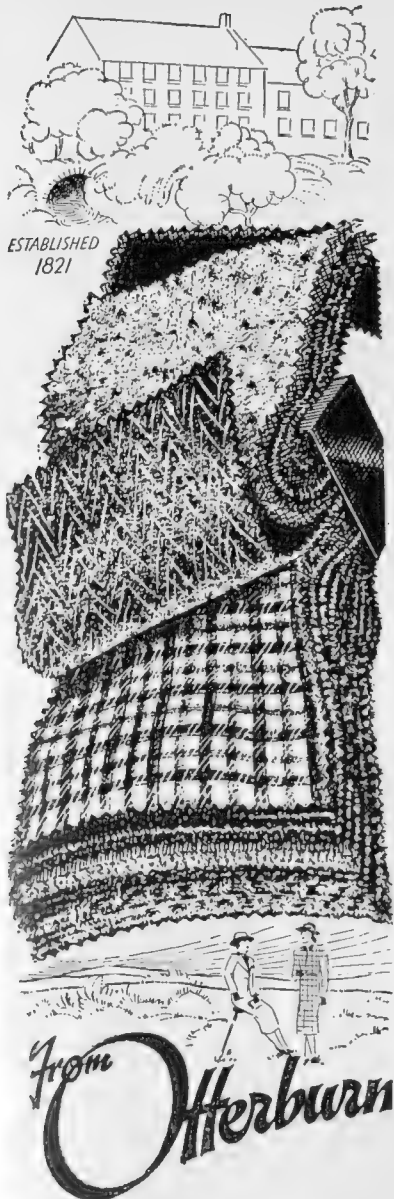
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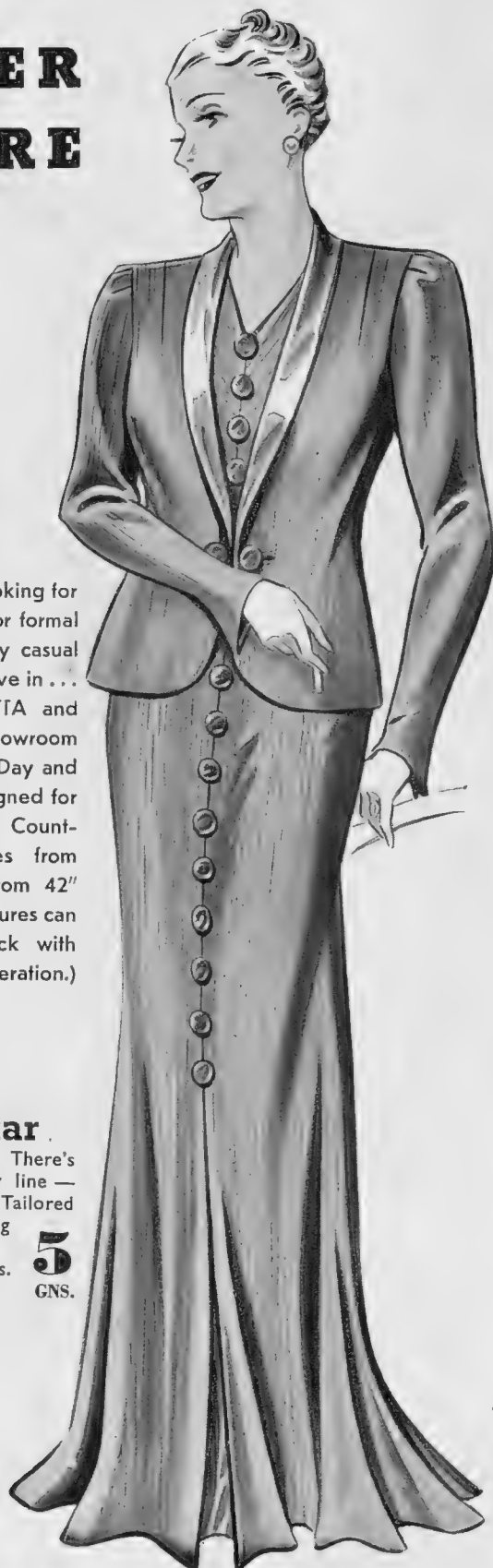
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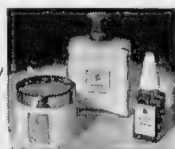
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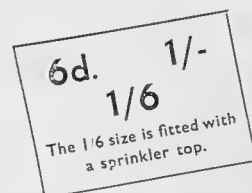
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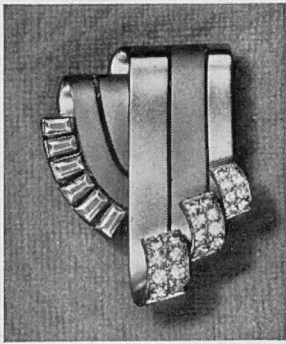
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**simply  
say  
SEAGERS  
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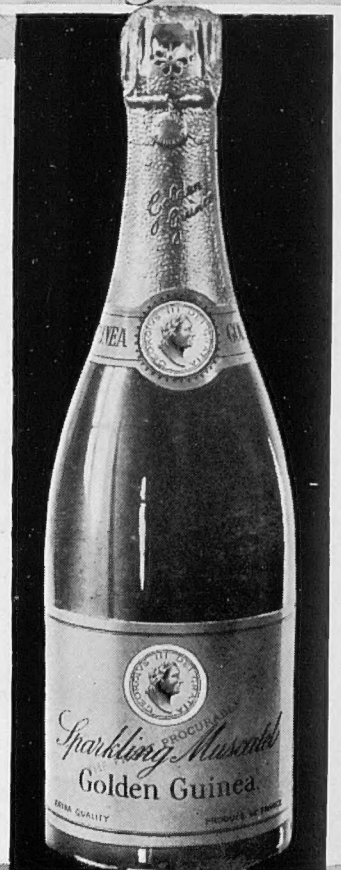
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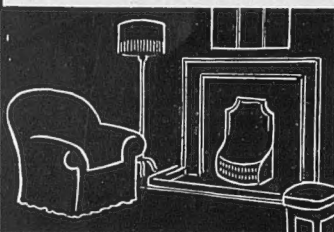
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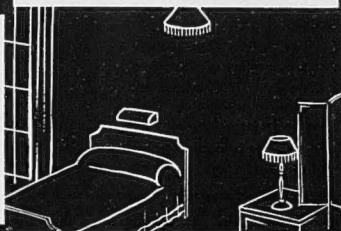
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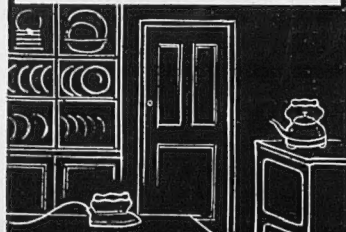


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